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INVASION OR STARVATION.

Two years ago, when the death of the aged German Emperor caused uneasiness for the maintenance of that peace which his life to most people appeared to guarantee, and when certain events in Eastern Europe produced one of those depressions in the political barometer which are now becoming periodical, public attention in this country was again attracted to the question of our liability to invasion by a foreign power, and the feasibility of such an operation at the present time. There was a sharp conflict of opinion between the naval and military authorities as to the amount of transport required for a force of 100,000 men, and the difficulty attached to such an undertaking. The naval view was ridiculed, and stated to be discreditable to those who made the calculations ; while, according to all military authorities, there were no great obstacles to an invasion by our nearest neighbour.

Two years later, in seeking to impress the nation with the vital necessity of preventing any interruption of our commerce, upon which we were dependent for our daily bread, naval officers have pointed out one of the most serious effects of our losing command of the sea would be the distress caused by stoppage of supplies, and the regular influx of that raw material which gives employment to so many thousands. The military view is that this so-called starvation theory is one vast and complete humbug, and that it would be impossible to prevent us getting into the country whatever we required.

I propose to examine the views on both these subjects, and endeavour to show that though the starvation theory

may not be free from humbug, the invasion hypothesis is one which, on investigation, claims the greatest effort of the imagination.

INVASION.

In dealing with this question, let me say at the outset I do not wish to contest in any way the military opinion that a force of 100,000 men, safely landed, could subdue the country. Lord Wolseley has said in the House of Lords, "If a hostile force of, say, 100,000 men were to land upon our shores, there is no reason why that force, properly led, should not take possession of London." Whether that is accepted or not is immaterial to my purpose, but I may remark in passing that another military authority, Lieut.-General Sir Andrew Clarke, does not agree, as he has said: "Personally, I dissent entirely from this proposition, and consider that the figures must at least be doubled." Neither am I concerned to dispute the feasibility of an invasion in the absence of the fleet, though much would depend on the cause of that absence.

Speaking at Liverpool in December 1887, Lord Wolseley said: "Everybody whose intelligence was above the ordinary intelligence of a school-boy, must know this country was open to an invasion. When the Channel was in the possession of a foreign hostile navy, then not only would it be possible, but most certainly this country would be invaded." Not claiming more than the youthful intelligence above alluded to, I am still doubtful whether invasion would follow the loss of naval supremacy, and should rather anticipate subjugation by attacks on our colonies and commerce, which must disappear as a consequence of our being no longer able to protect and relieve them by sea. If invasion were attempted, it would be after considerable preparation, as it has been in all previous cases, successful or otherwise. It was no surprise when William the Conqueror crossed the Channel, or Henry VII. landed at Milford. There was no concealment in the preparations of Napoleon. His plan had been under our observation for months, as in a similar way the formation of the Spanish Armada and its object were perfectly understood in this country. But when this subject was discussed in 1888, the question of surprise became the leading feature; it being held on one side that a force could be quickly and secretly embarked, the introduction

of steam obviating any such causes of delay in its transmission and choice of spot for disembarkation as formerly exercised so powerful an influence. The other side held that so large an amount of transport as would be required was not always available, and its collection would at once betray the undertaking. Also there were other difficulties which had not been taken into account. It is with this phase of the subject I propose to deal.

The First Lord of the Admiralty had stated that a force of 100,000 men, complete in all respects, would require 480,000 tons of shipping for their transport across the English Channel. The capability of France for this undertaking was under discussion simply because she is our nearest neighbour, and has in the past contemplated the operation, not from any idea of imputing any such intention at the present time. When asked in the House of Commons whether, in the face of certain statements publicly made, the First Lord adhered to this estimate of tonnage, he replied as follows :—"The figures which I gave the other day as to the transport necessary to enable 100,000 men to land and seize London by surprise, took into consideration the only conditions under which such a feat comes within the range of possibility—first, that the disembarkation of the army from the ships was simultaneous ; second, that the army so disembarked was capable of rapid movement. The estimate of 480,000 gross tons required for the invading force was on the assumption that the force would be equivalent to three army corps, constituted as laid down in the 'Soldiers' Pocket-Book,' and based on an allowance of a ton and a half per man, and 4 tons per horse. Assuming, however, that instead of three army corps we have to consider the force which Napoleon contemplated despatching in 1805, viz. 155,000 men, 14,600 horses, with 432 guns, the tonnage required, according to the expectation of the Transport Department, would be 445,077 gross tons. My figures are based on the practical data of daily experience and ascertained facts, and upon the knowledge that difference between gross and net tonnage is yearly increasing, owing to the greater space and power of the engines and boilers and coal bunkering of modern passenger ships, and I adhere to them as correct." It may be here explained that the net tonnage is that available for stowage, and is approximately two-thirds of the gross tonnage. Now it might be considered that the Admiralty Transport Department, with its experience of despatching expeditions to various parts of the world, was fairly capable of giving as accurate an opinion

upon such a subject as anybody in the country ; but apparently its calculations were quite erroneous.

Lord Wolseley, speaking at the Royal United Institution, said :—"We have a consensus of opinion from every general officer of any weight in this country in saying that this country can and may be invaded, and all I can say is that when any gentleman makes a statement such as that which has been made public, that it is impossible to invade this country because it would take a fleet of 480,000 tons in dimension to carry over 100,000 men to these shores, I have no doubt the gentleman who made that statement did so in the most perfect good faith, but all I can say is that his informants have misled him in the most discreditable manner." One has to realize that "the gentleman who made that statement" is the head of the Navy and a Cabinet Minister, and his critic a high official in another Department, to appreciate the playful knock thus administered. But such an incident is not considered an anomaly in this country. What would be the result of a general in the German army telling an assemblage of officers that the Staff of the Minister of Marine had misled that gentleman in a discreditable manner, must be left to the imagination. Lord Wolseley went on to say, that in the 'Soldiers' Pocket-Book,' compiled after careful collation of the best military and naval authorities, it was laid down that for short voyages $1\frac{1}{2}$ ton of shipping per man would be amply sufficient. He concluded as follows : "Now I say, and I do so with the full sense of the responsibility I take upon myself in making this statement, that in the ports of France at this moment, and every day in the year, there is enough shipping to carry over 100,000 men to England and that without any preparation at all."

In these last few words we have the crucial point of the subject. No preparation necessary, and shipping available any and every day. That is to say, we are to assume that an expeditionary force could be sent to certain ports, embarked on the vessels lying there, and despatched to its destination without any warning reaching us. In the first place, there is no doubt that in time of war there would be sufficient tonnage available for a force of 200,000 men, because a large proportion of the French mercantile marine would no longer be following their ordinary avocations. Communication between the two countries being then interrupted, a certain time might elapse before we heard that such an under-

taking was in contemplation. But I gather from the manner in which the two views of the question have been stated, and the fact of surprise being essential to success, that we must consider the operation as effected simultaneously with, or immediately following, a declaration of war. If this event has taken place suddenly, there would not then be in the French ports more than the usual proportion of vessels discharging or taking in cargo ; under repairs, or laid up. I take it for granted that all British vessels have left, and they are generally as numerous as those under the French flag in the northern ports. It seems desirable, therefore, only to consider native shipping, and the amount in home waters.

Now the mercantile marine under the French flag amounts to approximately 900,000 tons, comprising vessels of all dimensions. Of this total we may fairly consider that one-third, or 300,000 tons, would be in harbour, under the several conditions I have enumerated. A certain proportion of these, however, would not be available, such as the vessels worn out, under extensive repair, or with full cargo. Looking at the matter as one not requiring "any preparation at all," I cannot believe that the amount of steam tonnage available any day of the year can exceed 200,000 tons. But the port in which at least half this available tonnage is collected is Marseilles, so that we have to contemplate either a transfer of these vessels to the north previous to shipping their live freight, or an embarkation in the south and a voyage of some days' duration before arriving at their destination. Does not this preclude the idea of a *coup de main*, even if no preparation is necessary in the vessels to receive men, horses, and guns? For this reason, sailing ships have not been taken into consideration, though a suggestion was made that they could be towed by the steam transports or numerous tugs. It sounds plausible enough to those without experience of the sea, but in practice it would, I believe, be attended with great difficulty in keeping vessels together, and preventing accidents. The method would be slow and cumbersome, besides being so dependent on the weather, that to my mind, if rapidity of execution is the main point, the idea of using fishing boats and other coasting craft for the expedition must be rejected.

The next point to consider are the facilities for embarkation ; and here the principal obstacle in the northern ports nearest our coast is the limited draught of water for large vessels.

Dependent upon the tides, the basins are in most harbours only available for entry and exit at stated times. The embarkation of a large force, and the despatch of steamers when loaded, could not for this reason be carried out with any rapidity. Assuming, however, all preliminary difficulties overcome, and the expedition safely anchored in the spot selected for landing, there is a matter that has been generally overlooked, and that is getting on shore. Unless special troop-boats had been constructed and brought over, and which in the present case cannot be conceded, as no preparation is allowed, 100,000 men with horses and guns, could not be landed in a day. My own opinion is, that unless accompanied by a large fleet to afford every facility, the operation would take nearly a week. In the Crimea, it took us half a day to land 30,000 men with all the boats of the squadron and no interruption. I can hardly believe that even if our own fleet has been decoyed away or destroyed—the favourite hypothesis—our land forces could not be assembled in time to give some trouble to the expedition before or after landing, independent of harassing attacks by small vessels and torpedo-boats, which have escaped annihilation, and are not absent. A gale of wind during the process of disembarkation, or even bad weather, might also lead to disaster. The point I maintain is, that the feasibility of an invasion across the sea is a question upon which naval experience and professional knowledge is more calculated to form an accurate estimate than even “a consensus of opinion from every general officer of any weight in this country.” In all points military, that is to say, concentration of the force previous to embarkation, its composition, numbers, and ability to effect its object after landing, we do not profess to judge; but in the purely naval aspect of getting the expedition across, we do feel qualified to express an opinion. This would be admitted even in states with comparatively little maritime experience; but in England, the naval voice is heard with difficulty and may be told its utterances on a purely naval subject are ridiculous.

I can no more accept as infallible the views of Wellington on invasion, than I can those of Napoleon. The letter of the former to Sir John Burgoyne, in which he spoke of our increased liability to invasion from the invention of steam, is often quoted. This point is not, however, germane to the present discussion, and a motive power independent of weather rather adds to the risks of an undertaking which trusts to

an unfavourable wind for non-interruption by an enemy. Whether Napoleon really meant to carry out the project for which he made such great preparations, it is impossible to say, so contradictory are his own utterances on the matter. Bourrienne, in his 'Memoirs of Napoleon,' records a conversation in which the latter said: "Those who look forward to the invasion of England are blockheads. Until our navy acquires superiority, it is useless to think of such a project." This showed a sagacity in naval strategy which Napoleon did not often exhibit, and his interference with the fleet generally led to disaster. Poor Decrès, his Minister of Marine, must have had a trying time, and his candid opinion on the invasion would be valuable. But though on this side of the Channel the nation is frequently told that such an event is a simple matter, I have never heard this view expressed abroad. It is not endorsed by foreign naval officers, however sanguine they may be as to an attack on commerce and coast-towns.

Admiral Porter, of the American Navy, in a letter to the *New York Herald* of June 14th, 1888, said: "Your correspondent asks my opinion on the present state of Great Britain's defences, and on the possibility of invading that country with 100,000 men. I believe that any such project against England would meet the same fate as the Invincible Armada of 1588. To justify this view, I have only to remember the number of vessels which had to be collected for the transport of 23,000 men to Egypt in 1882. From this example, 300 large steamers would be required to carry 100,000 men, with guns, and complete war equipment. Great Britain is the only power which has sufficient transport at its disposal for such an operation, and its fleet would include a number of large and rapid vessels, which would make great havoc with the invading army. England may sleep in peace; no one will go to trouble her at home." On the Continent, the periodical invasion scare raised here is probably looked upon as an excellent card to play in strengthening any appeal to the taxpayers for increased armaments. In demonstrating the obstacles attached to an undertaking, which in other quarters is considered so simple, I should be sorry to check any disposition to add to either sea or land forces. But as a somewhat strong statement was made which directly traversed naval opinion on a matter clearly within its province, it appeared to me undesirable that it should pass unchallenged.

THE STARVATION THEORY.

Speaking at the Civil Service dinner on April 26th this year, and alluding to what had been stated might occur if the Navy met with disaster, Lord Wolseley said: "This starvation theory was one vast and complete humbug. There was always a considerable amount of provisions in the country, enough to last from three to eight months without any assistance, and to conceive the possibility of blockading these islands in such a way as to prevent our friends on the other side of the Atlantic from sending in the supplies we should require, was as absurd a theory as ever was started." Coming from such a high authority we ought to feel a great relief that a danger believed by many to be serious, should be without foundation.

As a matter of fact, however, equally prominent individuals continue to discuss the means to be taken to ensure a prompt delivery of our food supplies, and the disastrous consequences of failure in this respect. The term "starvation" is freely used to depict the distress which would ensue from a rise in the price of bread, and the absence of raw material upon which so many thousands depend for employment. It is hard to believe, therefore, that it is all one vast and complete humbug. As regards the quantity of food at all times in the country, it has been variously estimated as sufficient to last from six weeks to three months, if not supplemented periodically from abroad. The longer or shorter period probably depends upon the season of foreign harvests, and distance of grain depôts from this country. It is quite sufficient to know, that the amount stored at home is exceedingly limited, and that we live more and more from hand to mouth every year. Our imports have risen in value in thirty years from two hundred millions sterling to four hundred. About 40 per cent. of our imports consist of food products, and 35 per cent. of raw material for manufacturing purposes. The cultivation of corn in this country of late years has been steadily decreasing. It is stated that in 1888 London alone imported more than two million tons of grain, or about 200,000 tons a month. There is then this stupendous difference in the condition of affairs at present to what existed at the beginning of the century, when hundreds of merchant vessels were captured

by the enemy's privateers, that cargoes then consisted chiefly of articles not absolutely essential to the nation, and the loss fell mainly on the merchants and shipowners themselves, whereas now, any serious interruption of commerce would be felt at once by the poor in the increased price of bread.

But Lord Wolseley says it would be impossible to prevent our friends on the other side of the Atlantic landing what supplies we want. It is doubtful in the first place whether the United States will be able to spare us in a few years any large portion of her grain if her population increases at the present rate. A time may come when she herself will have to import this commodity.

It has been stated by an eminent authority, that since 1887 the import of grain to England from America, including Canada and Chile, has decreased considerably, while there has been a corresponding increase in the supply from Russia. The sources of food supply are continually changing. Chile wheat is excellent, but the country is small. In a few years the vast dominions of the Argentine Republic will, I believe, send us large quantities of grain, and the supply from the East is much greater than formerly. A continental coalition which had wrested from us the command of the sea, would no doubt hesitate to annoy a nation like the United States, by impeding her commerce with this country; but this would certainly not apply to weaker states with whom we were trading. The difficulty of neutral cargoes under the enemy's flag being free from capture by the Declaration of Paris, could be evaded by declaring grain contraband of war.

Attention has been called to the fact that what is contraband of war has not yet been clearly defined, and Lord Charles Beresford suggests in his article in the June number of the *United Service Magazine*, on national insurance against war risks, that some lawyer in the House of Commons should turn his attention to the subject. It would simply be time and labour thrown away. Principles of international law only derive authority from general acceptance. What is admitted by one generation will be refused by the next. Treaties declarations, and practice are liable to be denounced as antiquated, and no general law can be laid down beforehand which would meet with the concurrence of all nations. The question what is contraband of war will be decided when the time comes by expediency, and the possible consequences. Such was the

action of France when, as an effective measure against China, rice was declared contraband. It did not affect us sufficiently to call forth more than a remonstrance from this country, which was probably anticipated, and of course had no result.

This point of contraband of war has, however, no direct bearing upon the view here maintained, that should, owing to a powerful coalition against us and a series of naval disasters, we lose command of the sea as completely as France after Trafalgar, the interruption to our commerce would have consequences sufficiently serious to obviate any necessity for invasion. Naval supremacy cannot be attained in a month, any more than it can be lost and regained in the same war, though many talk of our fleet temporarily losing command of the sea. It has less justification now than formerly, when war vessels could be built, equipped, and despatched to sea in a few months. But an investment of these islands by an hostile naval force which we were unable to meet at sea, would be for us a loss of naval supremacy, and must lead to submission. It is curious how unwilling many are to accept this view, but if we take the case of Russia in 1854, when our naval supremacy was absolute, and hardly a vessel entered her ports, and imagine Russia as dependent upon food by sea as we are now, would not stoppage of supplies have been a potent influence in the Crimean war? Would the fall of Sebastopol have been necessary to attain the desired result? If Lord Wolseley is right, that no naval supremacy in the hand of an enemy could check the arrival of supplies, those who have been suggesting national insurance against war risks as an auxiliary to a powerful fleet in maintaining confidence at the outbreak of war, labour in vain. Foreign opinion is no less at fault.

An able article in the April number of the *United Service Magazine*, on the English Naval Defence Act, translated from the *Deutsches Heeres Zeitung*, supports the naval view. It says: "One of the greatest dangers to which England is exposed, is the fact that it is possible actually to starve her. Moreover, apart from this, from a purely commercial point of view, retention and protection of the merchant fleet engaged in the transport of food is a matter of life and death to the island realm." Further on we find: "Of course, if an enemy masters the naval force of England, and assumes the dominion of the sea, the starving-out of England will be really effected by stoppage of trade, by the maintenance of an effective blockade at as many points of the

coast as possible. The present elastic interpretation of maritime international law will in this case turn to the advantage of the victor, for by declaring food contraband of war, he will be in a position to prevent its import in the vessels of neutral States, even into the harbours not blockaded."

The view of the distinguished Admirals in their valuable Report on the naval manœuvres of 1888, that "the command of the sea once being lost it would not require the landing of a single man upon her shores to bring England to an ignominious capitulation," must, I presume, under the new light, be considered an erroneous conception. The *Times* must be admonished for disseminating similar doctrines. In a leading article of March 5th last year, it was stated:—"The loss of command of the sea thus means the starvation of the people; not so much the direct starvation by lack of food, but the indirect starvation by the total cessation of industry."

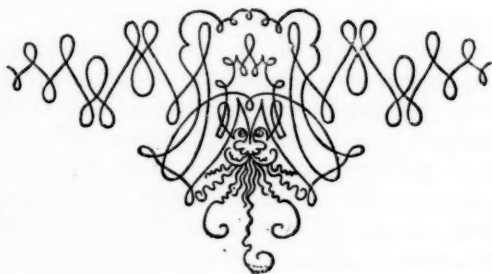
Lord Wolseley does not believe in the possibility of so effectually investing the coast of the United Kingdom as to prevent us receiving all the supplies we require. He must be imperfectly acquainted with the effect produced on the Confederate States by the rigid blockade of their coast towards the end of the Civil War. Was not our blockade of the French coast so complete in 1815, that Napoleon had no alternative but to surrender himself to a British man-of-war?

I have no desire here to show what force would be necessary to blockade the United Kingdom, so as to cause that rise in prices and lowering of wages which would be the first step, nor to allude to the distribution of that force for this purpose. The geographical conditions of the country are clear to all, and its doors well defined. Strategically the immediate waters differ entirely from those washing a long and straight coast-line. A greater or less number of harbours has little bearing on the force to be employed when the approaches are limited, and prevent any great dispersion of the traffic. To dwell in detail on these points is inexpedient for obvious reasons, and I can only say that my own investigation of the matter tends to show that a very effective investment could be maintained with a fleet of less dimensions than at first appears possible.

There would almost appear to be some irritation in the minds of military men at the endeavour of the Navy to bring home to the nation how much depends on our maritime power. Whilst doing so, we do not desire to depreciate in

any way the importance of the Army. The combined exertions of the two services have resulted in an Empire of which the smallest portion is the United Kingdom. There will always be work for both in adding to or maintaining those possessions. But when the liability to a certain danger which has been almost universally recognized, and involves considerations chiefly naval, is proclaimed as "one vast and complete humbug," it becomes necessary to formulate the ground upon which the liability was estimated. Whether my investigations have shown the starvation theory to be less absurd than the invasion hypothesis, must be left to the reader. In my own mind there is not the slightest doubt in the matter.

S. EARDLEY-WILMOT, CAPT. R.N.



MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "THIRLEY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MR. MORTIMER.

WHEN Lady Wetherby said her prayers—and this she did with unfailing regularity twice a day—she never forgot to return thanks for the extraordinary number of blessings which had been showered upon her all her life long. She had, it is true, lost her husband, and that had been a terrible grief to her; but time had caused the wound to heal over, and she had not the shadow of a doubt that she would meet him again in a future state of existence, and in the meantime she was very well contented to linger for a while upon the surface of this more or less agreeable planet. She had found her residence here below agreeable, as well she might; for she had good health, a large jointure, and children who had given her all the happiness that it is in the power of children to bestow upon a fond parent. If Wetherby had any vices, she was not aware of them, while Evelyn, though she had sometimes behaved in a way which had made her mother a little uneasy, now seemed quite inclined to do the right thing and marry Mr. Mortimer and take her place amongst the better class of young matrons.

Lady Wetherby, who was as good a woman as ever breathed, would not for the world have urged any daughter of hers to marry for the sake of wealth or position, but, other things being equal, a son-in-law who possesses both of these advantages is a son-in-law to be desired, and there were very few mothers in England who would not have deemed Mr. Mortimer desirable. He had large estates in several counties; he was a gentleman and a sportsman; he raced a little and hunted a good deal and

shot pretty well ; probably he would enter Parliament before he was much older. Nobody had a word to say against him, while very many people were loud in praising him ; so that there was every reason to rejoice at the thought that he would shortly be coming to Torquay in his yacht and that he would come with a special and scarcely disguised purpose.

Lady Wetherby had no great fear but that he would succeed in that purpose. So far as she was aware, he was without a rival, and assuredly it would never have occurred to her to dread poor Willie Brett in that capacity. Indeed she was but seldom reminded of the young man after his departure, nor did she see very much of her neighbour and the friend of her youth. Evelyn did not get on with Mrs. Archdale, and when Evelyn did not get on with a person it was always the simplest plan to avoid asking that person to the house. So, although Marcia and Lady Wetherby remained upon the best of terms, their intercourse was confined to occasional drives into the country, during which the former discoursed chiefly upon the disenchantments of life, the latter listening in a good-humoured, somnolent fashion and abstaining from contradiction when she found herself unable to agree.

All this time Willie had not only remembered Lady Evelyn, but was thinking about her through every hour of the long summer days. He had never been in love before, and now he had taken the disease in its severest form. He was not sanguine ; he was sure that she did not care for him, he doubted whether she ever would, and he thought it extremely likely that she already cared for somebody else. Nevertheless, he would not for any earthly consideration have obliterated the memory of her from his mind or parted with the sweet sorrow which, as he was convinced, was destined to last him his life. It does not and cannot last. Love, like all the other passions and emotions which stir the surface of our shallow mortal nature, passes away ; but young people do not know this and will not believe it when they are told, and in truth one would be very sorry if they did believe it. For the rest, it may be admitted that some men and women are far more constant than the general run.

Willie Brett might fairly claim to have established a character for fidelity. He had not been unfaithful as a lover, for the excellent reason that he had not hitherto been a lover at all ; but he had been somewhat unusually faithful as a son, and he was now fully prepared to brave his uncle's displeasure for his

mother's sake. If it was not entirely for her sake that he contemplated spending a month or six weeks in the watering-place where she was sojourning, yet he would cheerfully have done as much to please her, nor would he have been deterred from doing so by any fear of Sir George. He respectfully signified his determination to that powerful personage, promising that the latter portion of his leave should be passed at Blaydon and abstaining from any promise as to the future disposal of his private means ; after which he had the comfort of feeling that he had done his duty all round and might legitimately employ his leisure in dreaming of the good time that was coming.

A very happy fellow he was when the longed-for day came at last, and he reached that beautiful and sunny town of villas which had the privilege of containing the two people whom he loved best on earth. One of them was ready to receive him with open arms. Perhaps she would have been less demonstrative had she believed in the existence of a rival ; but, oddly enough, she had not detected what had been perfectly apparent to her husband, and had laughed the suggestions of that experienced observer to scorn. As one grows old one does not, as a rule, grow more credulous ; yet one grows more willing to believe whatever one wishes to believe, and Marcia would not have been Marcia if she had not wished her son's heart to belong to her alone.

"It is such perfect happiness to have you with me again, Willie!" she exclaimed. "But I have never doubted you through all these long years ; I always felt sure that you would come back to me some day."

One would have thought, to hear her, that it had been he who had separated himself from her, and it is not in the least impossible that she may have formed some confused impression to that effect. In any case, he did not quarrel with the terms in which she welcomed him, nor did his patience give way when she embarked upon a plaintive recital of her grievances. Torquay, she told him, was ineffably dull. Cecil did not find it so, because he was always playing whist at the club when he was not working by fits and starts at an unfinished picture ; but she herself had no friends and no interests in the place. "However, it is comparatively cheap, so I suppose one ought not to grumble," she concluded, with a sigh.

"But you have Lady Wetherby : she is still here, isn't she?" asked Willie, for he was naturally anxious to ascertain that much.

"Oh, yes ; Laura is still here ; only she isn't much use,

somehow. Laura is one of those people who have got everything that they can possibly want and have sunk into a state of sleepy contentment which makes them rather uninteresting to associate with. Besides, she generally has friends or relations staying with her, so that we don't meet very often. Her daughter is a rude, disagreeable sort of girl, too."

That singularly inappreciative expression of opinion was all that Willie was able to obtain from his mother in the way of information about Lady Evelyn; but he was more successful with Flossie, who presently came in to tea, and who, after greeting him enthusiastically, led him out into the garden to show him the spot where she had interred the remains of a deceased canary. Flossie, it appeared, had made friends with Lady Evelyn and required but little encouragement to expatiate upon the young lady's charms.

"Is she going to marry Mr. Mortimer?" the child inquired. "Everybody says she is. You know Mr. Mortimer, don't you? He has come here in his yacht, and he told me he would take me out sailing some day, but he hasn't done it yet."

"I used to know him when we were boys," answered poor Willie, with a sinking sensation about the region of the heart; "I have never seen him since. I suppose he is as good-looking as ever?"

Flossie made a grimace. "Oh, I don't know. He isn't bad; but he isn't half good enough for Lady Evelyn. I should like *you* to marry her," this impartial looker-on continued, with engaging candour. "Do you flirt with her? Papa says you do, and then Mamma gets quite red and says 'Stuff and nonsense!'"

"Mamma is right," replied Willie gravely; "I have never flirted with Lady Evelyn Foljambe and I have never had the chance. Is she—er—given to flirting?"

But to this insidious question Flossie could make no satisfactory response. Was flirting wrong? If it was, Lady Evelyn certainly didn't do it. She seemed to like Mr. Mortimer, though; and that was a pity, because Mr. Mortimer was "not nearly as nice as you are."

All this was not very reassuring, and the worst of it was that Flossie's statements were fully corroborated by Mr. Archdale, who came in from the club just before dinner, and who professed himself greatly pleased by the arrival of his guest. It was not until the two men were smoking together in the evening that he broached the subject to which Willie had more than once tried

ineffectually to lead up ; but when he did so he was as explicit as could have been desired.

"I am sorry to tell you, my dear fellow," said he, "that your nose has been put out of joint. I saw that you were smitten with the fair Lady Evelyn when you were down here last—you needn't blush, there's nothing to be ashamed of in that—so my heart quite bled for you when I found that another was destined to bear away the prize. If I were in your place, I daresay I should try to cut out Mr. Mortimer, for the fun of the thing ; but the chances are that you wouldn't succeed, and if you did succeed you would undoubtedly regret it afterwards. People who marry always do regret it afterwards. All the same, she is an uncommonly pretty girl."

"Is Lady Evelyn engaged to Mortimer?" Willie asked, in a voice which he could not contrive to keep steady.

"Well, no ; I believe not. But she is going to be. It's a first-rate match, you see. You yourself are not to be sneezed at ; but, saving your presence, Mortimer is a cut above you. There's a vast difference between expectation and possession, not to mention his aristocratic connections."

Now, it was evidently out of the question to discuss such a topic any further with a man who regarded it in that vulgar light. Willie disclaimed any intention of pitting himself against Mr. Mortimer and began to talk about something else. Nevertheless, he walked over to Lady Wetherby's villa on the following morning, though he knew that he was doing an unusual and unceremonious thing by calling before luncheon. When it comes to be a question of life or death, or of life-long misery or happiness, use and ceremonial must needs be disregarded.

Not, of course, that he was so insane as to think of hinting to Lady Wetherby at the motives which had prompted this matutinal visit. He found her in the drawing-room, writing letters, and she was so kind as to say that he did not interrupt her at all, and he duly discoursed upon topics which did not possess the slightest interest for either of them during fully five minutes before he made so bold as to inquire after Lady Evelyn.

"Oh, she is quite well, thank you," answered Lady Wetherby. "I believe she is sitting out on the verandah with Mr. Mortimer. Perhaps you may have heard their voices."

Willie thought he had—indeed he was quite sure that he had, and he was not very reluctant to comply with a suggestion which his good-natured hostess presently put forward.

"I don't want to send you away," said she; "but I really must finish these tiresome letters before luncheon. Won't you stay and lunch with us? And I dare say you would be better amused in the meantime if you were to go out and join the young people."

So he stepped out through the open window, and in another moment the meeting which he had pictured to himself a hundred times as taking place after a hundred different fashions was over. It is scarcely necessary to add that he did not behave in the least as he had intended to behave, and that if Lady Evelyn Foljambe had been the most casual of acquaintances he could not have greeted her more formally. She said she was so glad he had made up his mind to give poor Torquay a second trial, and then she introduced him to Mr. Mortimer.

"Only you don't need to be introduced to one another, do you?" she asked.

"Rather not!" responded Mr. Mortimer, as he rose from the chair in which he had been reclining. He was a well-proportioned young man, with light brown hair which would have curled crisply if he had allowed it to grow long enough; he had bright blue eyes and a straight nose, and his slight moustache did not conceal the perfect curve of his lips; so that altogether it would have been quite absurd for any rival to deny him the advantages which belong to a prepossessing exterior.

"This is a rare piece of good luck, Brett," said he; "I've often wondered what had become of you, and I've asked heaps of fellows; but nobody knew anything more than that you had gone into the Army. I say, do you remember our both getting nailed up at Windsor fair? I was swished and you weren't, which I thought hard lines at the time, and I think so still."

"Not a bit," answered Willie. "I could plead 'first fault' and you couldn't; that was how it happened."

Well, it was impossible to resist the friendly overtures of an old schoolfellow who could appeal to such reminiscences: added to which, Willie felt that he had no right in the world to quarrel with any man for being more highly favoured by fortune than he himself was. In manhood, as in boyhood, contests may be amicable, and a gentleman should always be ready to say "*Detur digniori*," however bitter may be the pangs of defeat. Therefore, since Lady Evelyn was so obliging as to second her mother's invitation, and since Mortimer had a vast stock of incidents relating to old Eton days to refer to and chuckle over, Willie

consented to remain where he was, nor had he any reason to repent of his decision. For it really did not seem to him that Lady Evelyn and Mortimer conducted themselves at all like a pair of lovers, though he kept an anxious watch upon them both before luncheon and during that meal. Mortimer, it was true, appeared to admire her (small blame to him) and was in a certain sense attentive to her; but they did not, so far as Willie could discover, exchange any stolen or significant glances, nor did they manifest the slightest desire to rid themselves of the company of third persons. On the contrary, they both entreated him to come on board the yacht on the following day and sail round to Dartmouth. To be sure, Lady Evelyn rather robbed this invitation of its flattering character by adding: "It will be an act of real kindness to Mamma if you will come. Her duty as a mother and a chaperon compels her to brave the perils of the deep with us; but she hates the whole thing, and she will feel ever so much happier if she is provided with a companion in misfortune."

But if that sounded a little like an intimation that he was valued rather for purposes of general utility than for his own sake, the same objection could not be brought against a proposal which Mortimer broached as soon as they had left the dining-room.

"How are you going to get through the afternoon, Brett?" he asked. "You haven't an idea, of course; it's impossible that you should in a place like this. Well, now, I'll tell you what you shall do. You shall come out to Babbacombe Down with me and we'll play golf. Did you ever play golf before?"

Willie shook his head. "I've seen it played once or twice," he answered; "It didn't look to me to be much of a game."

"That's all you know about it! However, for the sake of argument, we'll call it a poor game if you like. Even so, it's exercise, and any game is better than lolling in a garden-chair and staring at the view, isn't it?"

Willie was of opinion that that depended very much upon the question of who might chance to be sitting in the neighbourhood of the garden-chair; but he was gratified to hear so frank a confession of his friend's tastes, and when Lady Evelyn announced that she would drive her pony-cart as far as the downs later in the afternoon for the purpose of seeing how the players got on, he was able to say with perfect honesty that he would like very much to try his hand at golf. Given such conditions as were

offered to him, he would have liked very much to try his hand at marbles. Lady Wetherby, it appeared, did not deem her duty as a mother and a chaperon compelled her to accompany her daughter on this occasion, for she observed that she was going to pay a round of calls.

"And I think," she added, "I will end by looking in upon your mother and telling her that you are in safe custody. Otherwise she may take it into her head that you have fallen over one of the cliffs."

"Well, then, that's all settled," said Mortimer, who seemed to have a good-humoured matter-of-course way of settling things in accordance with his personal wishes. "Come on, Brett, we shall have to look sharp if we want to finish before dark."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LADY EVELYN BACKS THE WINNER.

What makes the average upper-class Englishman so much happier, healthier, wiser, and more serviceable than his compeers of other nations (and nobody, it is to be hoped, will have the perversity to deny that he is all of these things) is, without doubt, his inherited and invincible love for sports and pastimes. It may seem a little hard upon those whose avocations debar them from hunting, rowing, cricketing, and playing football, or whose tastes do not incline them thereto, that they should deteriorate physically and mentally, by reason of their disabilities; but many natural laws seem hard, and the most superficial observers cannot fail to perceive that people who lead a sedentary life do deteriorate. Nevertheless, rowing is a pursuit which usually has to be abandoned before youth is well past, and football is a game for boys rather than for men, and middle-aged cricketers are seldom of much use; so that a man may very well be still full of vigour and yet not know how to provide his body with the exercise which it requires, unless he has learnt to play golf.

Not many years ago, all golfers who dwelt south of the Tweed were compelled, when speaking of their favourite relaxation, to take up an apologetic tone: they had to explain with humility, and with the chilling certainty of being disbelieved, that an immense amount of experience, dexterity, and self-command are

requisite in order to make sure of hitting a little ball across five hundred yards of broken ground and depositing it in a small hole in four or five strokes ; but now that golf-links have been established all over England, there is no longer any need to make excuses for one of the finest games that human ingenuity or the accident of circumstances have ever called into existence. The theory of the game is simplicity itself—you have only got to put your ball into a hole in one or more strokes less than your opponent—but the practice is full of difficulty, and what is better still, full of endless variety ; so that you may go on playing golf daily, from the age of eight to that of eighty, and yet never grow tired of it. Indeed, the circumstance that grey-haired enthusiasts are to be seen enjoying themselves thoroughly, and losing their temper ludicrously wherever the “royal and ancient” sport has taken root has caused certain ignorant persons to describe golf contemptuously as an old gentleman’s game. Such criticisms, however, only come from those who have not attempted to acquire the art ; and some of us have good reasons for holding that a game which need not be abandoned with advancing years is quite the right sort of game.

Golf-links, of course, differ even more widely than cricket-grounds ; it is not everywhere that one can obtain such a noble stretch of the peculiar description of land required as at St. Andrew’s or Westward Ho ! and the Torquay Golf Club is but a modest association which has never achieved notoriety.

“You musn’t expect anything great,” Mr. Mortimer warned his companion, while they were walking out towards Babbacombe together ; “the greens are very fair, and there are some pretty little hazards ; but it isn’t a course for long drivers.”

“I’m quite sure that it wouldn’t be the course for me if it were,” answered Willie, laughing. “I shall miss the ball altogether at first, shan’t I ?”

“Yes, very likely ; but you’ll soon get into the knack of it. I’m not much of a performer myself, you know ; only I’ve played a little in Scotland, and as I foresaw that I should be at Torquay for several weeks, off and on, I thought I had better try to keep myself in condition by joining the Golf Club. If I give you a stroke a hole, you ought to be able to make a match of it. A stroke is pretty heavy odds to allow with short distances like these, mind you. However, we’ll see how things go, and if it isn’t enough I can give you more.”

Willie, who, to tell the truth, was a good deal more interested

in his friend's incidental admission that he meant to remain where he was for several weeks, than in the fairness of the proposed handicap, asked whether Torquay was a good place for yachts to lie. But Mortimer had come out to play golf, not to discuss his personal plans and proceedings.

"No ; beastly," he answered briefly ; "one wouldn't think of stopping here if one hadn't friends in the place. Now, I'll tell you what it is, Brett : there are a hundred things that you ought to bear in mind every time that you get into position for a drive ; but the only important thing is to hit the ball clean, and you had better start by doing that the best way that you can. Keep your eye dead upon it, let the club swing back slowly, and don't attempt to swipe. Stick to these rules and you'll probably astonish yourself."

Golfers will perceive that this Mentor was not without glimmerings of science ; for of course there can be no sounder advice than to hit the ball clean, just as there can be no sounder advice than to shoot a pheasant in the head instead of in the tail, and novices are less confused by being told what they ought to do than by being instructed as to the best means of doing it. Still, when they had reached the little club-house, and when Willie had been supplied with the necessary equipment of driver, brassy, iron, short spoon, cleek and putter, as well as with a boy to carry these implements for him, he had naturally but a hazy idea as to the method of their employment. Mortimer led him up to the down, indicated the whereabouts of the first hole (which was invisible from the starting-point) and told him to "go straight for it." The result was that he made a short, sharp, cricketing sort of stroke, thumped the ground hard and sent his ball about ten yards in the required direction.

"That's what everybody does at first," remarked Mortimer placidly. "I'll just show you the way to drive."

Now, Mortimer, who had not learnt golf as a boy, and consequently had no chance of ever becoming a player, had acquired a totally unorthodox style which, nevertheless, proved telling about once in three times, and which therefore gave him far too high an opinion of himself. On this occasion he hit the ball fairly, although he had no business to do so, and thus he not only swept it away out of sight, but buried it beneath a stone wall which intervened between the strikers and the hole. As, however, he did not know what a misfortune had overtaken him, he was proportionately complacent.

"That's about the right line," he remarked. "Now you'll have to play again. In the ordinary course of things you would be playing the 'odd,' but as I'm giving you a stroke, you only play 'the like.' The ball isn't lying particularly well, so you had better take your cleek. Hit as hard as you like; you won't go too far."

A cleek is a weapon with a comparatively short shaft and a polished steel head: it is more frequently made use of by beginners than by experts. Willie, obediently following the advice that had been given him, put his whole strength into his next stroke, and, notwithstanding that, as before, he wasted a large proportion of this upon mother earth, he was so far successful as to get well under his ball, which he sent some hundred yards on its way.

"That will do very well," said Mortimer approvingly. "If you can only manage to play your iron, your next stroke ought to land you on the green."

It is not every mature golfer who can make sure of playing his lofting-iron, which is the most difficult of all the clubs to use effectively; but nothing gives such confidence as complete ignorance, and Willie, having been told what he ought to do, performed the unexpected feat of doing it—so that his quick wrist-stroke lifted the ball high into the air and deposited it close to the fluttering white flag which marked the hole.

Mortimer only said, "By Jove!" But he used more forcible language than that when his own ball was discovered, wedged in between two stones of the wall which they now approached. He said that sort of thing was very hard lines and showed the nasty, tricky nature of the course over which they were playing. "As fair a drive as I ever made in my life—and then to get punished in this way! I don't mind legitimate difficulties; but really it's too bad to have hazards that no human being can get out of. Of course that gives you the hole; because the only thing I can do is to lift and lose two strokes."

The hole was not necessarily lost yet; but perhaps his annoyance caused him to lose it, for, after lifting his ball and aiming at it somewhat carelessly, he sent it back to very much the same place from which it had been taken. After that, he observed that it was not worth while to try again, and explained that his antagonist had won the first hole by sheer good luck.

But his ruffled equanimity was restored after he had taken the second hole with perfect ease. This, being placed on the summit

of a hill, beyond another wall and a clump of gorse-bushes, demanded a lofting stroke, which he delivered accurately, whereas Willie came to hopeless grief in the gorse and had played "six more" before he extricated himself.

Indeed, as the game proceeded, our hero began to feel that respect for it which the realisation of genuine difficulty always commands. He did not do by any means badly, for failure did not exasperate him as it exasperates short-tempered men, and his eye and hand were accustomed to work together ; but he soon perceived that he was no match for Mortimer, who made plenty of mistakes, but whose blunders were less disastrous than his own, and who had, besides, the advantage of being acquainted with the ground. To be sure, he did not very much care whether he won or lost. What he cared about a great deal more was to ascertain the true position of affairs as regarded this old school-fellow of his and Lady Evelyn Foljambe ; and golf, fortunately, is not a game which precludes intermittent conversation. While they were walking along, side by side, between the strokes, he learnt that Mortimer thought both Lady Wetherby and Lady Evelyn "awfully nice people," that he had become intimate with them during the preceding London season, that he was only at Torquay for the purpose of being near them, and that he was in the habit of seeing them every day. More than this no lover could be expected to reveal, and if the information thus frankly imparted was not wholly acceptable to Willie, neither was it wholly the reverse, since it seemed to leave a loophole for hope. Was it not possible, after all, that this impending engagement might, as Archdale had hinted, be of Lady Wetherby's contriving and that neither of the young people were particularly keen about it. At any rate, it struck him as significant that his companion should be apparently unmoved by a circumstance which was beginning to cause him some personal disquietude.

"Do you think Lady Evelyn can have missed her way?" he asked at length ; for they had now finished the first round, which consists of nine holes.

"Oh, she knows the way well enough," answered the other unconcernedly ; "she'll turn up before long, I expect. At least, if she doesn't it'll be because she has thought of something more amusing to do. Now, Brett, you must pull yourself together ; you're four holes down, and you can't afford to lose many more."

In spite of this warning, Willie lost the next hole by what looked very like downright carelessness. The game upon which

he was engaged might possess all the intrinsic merits under the sun ; but it was not possible for him to give his whole mind to it after having been threatened with such a disappointment, nor did he feel that his spirits would be very much lowered by the most ignominious of defeats. But before he could give further cause for just offence to his opponent (because nothing is so provoking as to play any game with a man who does not care to win it), the slim figure of a young lady, clad in a plain costume of brown cloth, was seen approaching over the brow of the hill, and that pleasing spectacle put quite another complexion upon the state of affairs. For although Willie did not mind being beaten, he naturally did not wish to make a ridiculous exhibition of himself under the eyes of the young lady in question.

Unfortunately, that was just what he proceeded to do, notwithstanding—or more probably in consequence of—his determination to play his very best. Lady Evelyn drew near, but did not open her lips, knowing better than to speak to a player on his stroke, while Willie swung his club well back over his shoulder and delivered what would doubtless have been a fine drive if he had not inadvertently taken his eye off the ball at the last moment. The sad consequence of that fatal error was that his club swished harmlessly through the air, without touching anything, and that Mortimer burst into a shout of laughter, in which Lady Evelyn joined.

"Missing the globe" at golf may be likened to "catching a crab" in rowing. Either misfortune may, and sometimes does, happen to veterans and is inevitable in the case of novices ; but under no circumstances can the spectator of such calamities refrain from merriment.

Still, a man who is worth anything at all can always stand being laughed at, and Willie submitted with outward composure to the ridicule which he had earned. In his next effort he was a little, but only a little, more successful. This time he hit his ball as hard as could have been wished ; only, as he did not hit it quite in the right place, it skimmed along the ground, instead of rising into the air, and ended its career by striking a loose fragment of rock, from which it rebounded. What was additionally vexatious was that Mortimer took this opportunity to make the best stroke that he had made that afternoon, his ball soaring gracefully over stones, gorse-bushes and all other obstacles, and bounding on to the very verge of the hole. Lady Evelyn applauded, as in duty bound ; yet it seemed that her sympathies

were where the sympathies of all true women ought to be—with the weaker side.

"Never mind," said she to Willie in a low voice; "he won't do that again for some time, you may be sure. Take it quite easy and you'll beat him yet. How many holes is he up?"

"Six, I'm afraid," answered Willie ruefully. "He was five up just now, and of course he must take this one."

It certainly looked as though he must; but every one who has instructed or watched beginners at golf, is aware that they occasionally perform miracles. To put the ball into the hole with a lofting-iron at a distance of over sixty yards is unquestionably a miraculous feat for a beginner, and how Willie achieved it he, for one, had not the most remote idea. Such as his stroke was, however, it gave him the hole; for, since he was in in three and was receiving a stroke, his antagonist could do no more than halve it, and this Mortimer failed to do by making a short, angry "putt" which missed its aim.

"Well!" exclaimed the latter, as he walked away, "of all the outrageous flukes that ever I saw in my life——"

"It *was* an awful fluke, I must admit," said Willie apologetically.

But Lady Evelyn would not allow that it had been any such thing. "You played for the hole, I suppose, didn't you?" she asked. "You meant to go as near it as you could? Very well then; you did what you intended to do by magnificent play. I always understood that fluking meant doing something which you never intended to do."

Now, whether this definition of fluking was or was not strictly accurate, it showed the bias of the speaker after a fashion which Willie could not but find encouraging, and indeed she presently declared in so many words that she wanted him to win.

"I am sure," said she, "that you are one of those people who are apt to fail through excess of modesty. Mr. Mortimer doesn't suffer from that disadvantage."

Mr. Mortimer just then suffered under the disadvantage of having driven his ball a long way off the line. He consequently had to walk after it, and thus opportunity was afforded to Lady Evelyn to say a few more words about him. He was wonderfully little spoilt by prosperity, she was pleased to remark. He could not fairly be called conceited, although he was upon pretty good terms with himself, and he bore chaff very good-humouredly. At the same time, he was rather too prone to take

it for granted that every wish of his must needs be gratified ; so that his soul's welfare was likely to be promoted by such occasional surprises as the loss of a game of golf.

"Did he look to see whether you were wearing that bracelet when he came?" asked Willie, glancing involuntarily at his neighbour's wrist.

She laughed. "Yes ; and he was much astonished at not discovering it in its proper place. However, thanks to you, I didn't have to confess that it was at the bottom of the sea. I told him that it was safely locked up somewhere or other and that I sometimes wore it."

"I thought it was the peculiarity of *bracelets de bonheur* that they were to be *always* worn," said Willie.

"So did he, but I undeceived him. The theory is that you part with your happiness when you take off the bracelet ; only as I have proved by experience that that isn't the case, I feel myself in a position to snap my fingers at theories."

This was pleasant hearing for Willie, who grew irrationally light-hearted after listening to several more speeches of a like nature, and who played carefully and tolerably well when it was borne in upon him that Lady Evelyn sincerely wished him to succeed. If there were any ground for hope that as large a proportion as one per cent. of those who will do this modest narrative the honour to peruse it would take an intelligent interest in the details of a golf-match, these should be recorded as fully as they deserve to be ; but since, unhappily, British public opinion cannot yet be considered to be ripe for the appreciation of such particulars, it is perhaps best to state merely the bald fact that the combatants were all even when only three holes remained to be played. That that was an exciting state of things anybody will understand and believe.

The first of these Mortimer won easily enough. Possibly Willie was unlucky, as Lady Evelyn averred that he was, in hitting a ball clean over the cliff into the sea ; but a perfectly unprejudiced person might have said that he had no business to aim in the wrong direction. Anyhow, the consequence was that he was one down, with two to play ; and now he had to retrieve his fortunes as best he might.

"This," observed Mortimer, as he placed himself in position for a fresh start, "is a longish carry. I shall go for it ; but if you'll take my advice, Brett, you won't attempt it. Your best

plan will be to bear away to the left and try to get over in your second."

What he meant was that about a hundred and twenty yards ahead of them was a wall, close to which grew a tangled mass of brambles, and that any player who failed to clear that wall might count with some certainty upon involving himself in irremediable grief. It was his fate to illustrate and exemplify the value of his counsel; for, notwithstanding the strength that he put into his stroke, he did not give it quite sufficient elevation, and his ball dropped dead into the worst part of the hazard which it had been his design to surmount. After that, it was clearly his opponent's duty to play a cautious game; but Lady Evelyn, who was guided by feminine impetuosity and had no sound golfing instincts, would not permit him to show the white feather.

"Don't be afraid," she said; "be a man or a mouse! I'm sure you can easily send a ball twice as far as that."

Without feeling by any means the same confidence in his capacity, Willie could not refuse to obey instructions conveyed in those terms. He aimed for the distant wall, hoping against hope that fortune might aid him; and then, by pure accident, occurred one of those wonders which do occasionally reward the courage of the inexperienced. He had long arms; he took the full swing which amateurs, as a general rule, are compelled regretfully to abandon; he hit his ball exactly where he ought to have hit it and sent it whistling through space beyond wall and brambles and all other obstacles that intervened between it and its goal.

"Didn't I tell you so?" exclaimed Lady Evelyn, clapping her hands.

Well, there was no playing against that kind of thing. Mortimer got out of his trouble as well as could have been expected, but lost two strokes in the process and was unable to make up for lost ground by subsequent good play. So the last hole became the deciding one, and, under the circumstances, it was not surprising that both players started for it with perceptible nervousness. Both of them were over careful and both encountered difficulties which might have been avoided with a little more audacity. Both, however, reached the putting-green with the expenditure of an equal number of strokes, whereupon Mortimer, drawing in his breath, made a bold stroke and holed out. Willie, therefore, had two for the half and one for the

match. He was fully fifteen yards from the hole ; it was unlikely that he would be able to put his ball in, and there was great danger of overrunning it. The by-standers remained silent and motionless ; only a slight smile curved Mortimer's lips. Willie took plenty of time to think about it and then delivered his stroke. The ball rolled along the ground, straight enough, but very slowly—surely too slowly ! It reached the very brink of the hole, paused for the fraction of a second, then turned over once more and dropped in.

"Bravo !" exclaimed Lady Evelyn delightedly. "I am so glad you have won ! You couldn't possibly have played that better."

Mortimer may be excused if he could not conscientiously echo the above assertion ; for of course a putt which one stiff blade of grass might have diverted was not really a good putt. But he took his beating in excellent part and said he would have his revenge another day.

"Meanwhile, you are coming to Dartmouth with us to-morrow, aren't you, Brett ?" he asked. "Be down at the harbour about eleven o'clock and you'll find the gig waiting for you at the steps. Now, Lady Evelyn, if you were disposed to be very kind, you would offer me a lift home in your pony-trap. It won't hold more than one extra person, I'm afraid ; but I ordered a fly for you, Brett."

Somehow or other, Willie half expected Lady Evelyn to put her veto upon this unceremonious arrangement ; but she did not appear to resent it. They walked down to the road, where the little two-wheeled vehicle and the fly were waiting, and Mortimer jumped into the former without more ado.

"To-morrow morning, then," she said, smiling and nodding over her shoulder at Willie, as she gathered up the reins and drove off at a brisk pace.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A DISAPPOINTING DAY.

Falling in love is probably a universal experience, and, like most other human experiences, it has its advantages and disadvantages. Amongst the former can hardly be counted any quickening of the patient's perceptions or any improvement in

his or her judgment. To be in love is to believe that the person whom you love is not only more charming but also far better than the rest of our species—this, at all events, is the masculine point of view ; one is not quite so sure about the feminine—and never since Adam wooed Eve has a true lover thought so meanly of the object of his affections as to suspect her of merely amusing herself at his expense. That, no doubt, is an accusation which true lovers are very fond of making ; but they never make it sincerely.

Willie Brett, therefore, cheered himself on his homeward way with dreams in which hope predominated to an extent scarcely justified by the circumstances. He was not, of course, so vain as to imagine that Lady Evelyn had anything more than a moderate sort of friendly regard for him ; but what he did think was that she could not care very much about Mortimer. Could one speak of anybody whom one loved in the kindly, approving, terms which she had employed in speaking of that young man ? Evidently not ; and, quite as evidently, Lady Evelyn was not the girl to submit to dictation in the matter of choosing a husband. So that there seemed to be nothing out of the way in the conclusion that Lady Wetherby's maternal solicitude was likely to be disappointed, and that, whatever other obstacles might bar the path of a diffident suitor, Mortimer was not one of them.

But the thoughts and wishes and motives of young women are past finding out, while, as for maternal solicitude, it is a factor which ought to be reckoned with by every mother's son. If Willie did not realize this, it was perhaps because he had for so long been virtually an orphan. When he reached Mrs. Archdale's villa he found that he had still a mother who was disposed to claim all the rights belonging to her position. For Marcia was not in the best of humours that afternoon, and her opinion was that she had been treated with scant courtesy.

"Will you have some tea ?" she asked, as he entered the drawing-room. "I didn't expect to see you back before dinner-time, if then. Laura Wetherby has just been here, and she gave me to understand that they had taken possession of you for the day. Not very considerate of them, I think, when they knew that you only arrived last night ; but I suppose it is natural that you should prefer being with them to spending a dull afternoon with me."

Willie could only hang his head penitently and murmur that

he was very sorry. He was too scrupulously truthful to disclaim the preference attributed to him, but he said he had not really meant to be away all day. He had merely gone to call at Malton Lodge and had been persuaded to stay to luncheon, and then he had been asked to play a game of golf with his old school-fellow, Mortimer.

"And with that girl, I suppose?" asked Marcia, sharply.

"Oh no, Lady Evelyn didn't play," answered Willie, "she only looked on for part of the time."

Marcia snorted. "I think that girl has been very badly brought up," she remarked presently. "Laura allows her to do exactly as she pleases, and I don't think I ever met anybody with quite such disagreeable manners. I can't understand people calling her pretty, can you?"

Willie was bound to confess that he could understand it; whereupon Marcia snorted again. And now he had to make the still more awkward confession that he had promised to sail over to Dartmouth on the morrow in Mortimer's yacht, accompanied by the badly-mannered girl and her injudicious mother.

Then there was a fine fuss. Marcia told him that if he intended to be absent all day and every day he had much better go to Blaydon at once. There at least he would be able to shoot partridges, which would be a more wholesome and dignified kind of sport than acting as a decoy duck—for he might rest assured that it was in that capacity that Lady Evelyn proposed to make use of him. As for herself, she ought not, she supposed, to wonder that he no longer cared to be with her; it was natural, no doubt, and she must bear it; only his indifference would be a little less hard to bear if he were out of sight. To the deep consternation of the culprit, who, as has been mentioned, was but imperfectly acquainted with the peculiarities of the opposite sex, she ended by bursting into a flood of tears.

The sight of her distress filled him with remorse. He did not think her unreasonable; on the contrary, he felt that it was he who had been abominably selfish and thoughtless, and he said so. He would, of course, give up the Dartmouth expedition; in fact, his impulse at the moment was to declare that he would give up anything if only she would stop crying.

Fortunately, she did not take advantage of his weakness and alarm, the full measure of which she may not have conjectured. She only saw that he was repentant, that his neglect of her had not been caused by any lack of natural affection and that he

was very anxious to make friends again. That being so, she dried her eyes and smiled and met him half-way, as women, to give them their due, are generally ready to do. It is, after all, no fault of theirs that nine out of ten of them are so constituted as to enjoy a quarrel, whereas nine out of ten of us dislike nothing in the world so much.

"You mustn't take me so literally, Willie," she said, holding his hands in hers. "I was upset and worried—things happen every day which upset and worry me—and I suppose I fell foul of you because you chanced to come in before I had had time to recover myself. I don't really believe that you care more for those people than you do for me. And you are to go to Dartmouth with them to-morrow, please. Yes; I insist upon it! I am not going to have them laughing at you for being tied to my apron-string."

In the end it was agreed that he should adhere to his engagement. He had been honestly willing to abandon it, but he would have been a very extraordinary specimen of humanity if he had not been relieved by the rejection of his offer. He could not make a confidant of his mother, because he saw that there was no hope of obtaining her sympathy. She seemed, unhappily, to have taken a prejudice against Lady Evelyn, and he had sense enough to be aware that reason never wins the day against prejudice. However, he made his peace without any further allusion to the subject of their contention, which indeed she speedily forgot; so that before he went upstairs to dress for dinner he had heard a good deal more about his step-father's shortcomings, and had been embraced and profusely thanked in return for a couple of bank-notes which he produced from his pocket. Bank-notes, luckily, cannot be traced back to their donor; but even if it had been a question of a cheque, Willie could have written one unhesitatingly. Rightly or wrongly, he conceived that his mother was fully entitled to any aid that he could give her; nor did he doubt the truth of her assertion that it was not she who had made ducks and drakes of her own resources. Still, he was not quite so incensed against Archdale as he might have been if his mind had not been preoccupied with other thoughts. Archdale appeared to have behaved badly and would doubtless continue to behave badly; but there was no help for that. What was less certain and considerably more interesting was the question of how Lady Evelyn Foljambe intended to behave.

On the ensuing morning he walked down to the harbour, with some hope of arriving at a solution of that doubtful point before the day should be at an end. And perhaps it was because Lady Evelyn and her mother, who drove up just as he reached the steps, greeted him in such a friendly fashion, or perhaps it was only because the weather was so bright and sunny, with a nice sailing breeze blowing off the land, that he felt unwontedly sanguine and light-hearted.

Lady Evelyn, too, seemed to be in high spirits. "We are going to have a perfectly glorious day," she declared. "After all, one does have some good days even in Torquay, and though I never could understand the fun of yachting, I do enjoy an occasional sail in the *Albatross*—that is, when one is lucky enough to have the right people on board," she added, with a glance at Willie which, if it meant anything, must surely have meant that he was one of the right people—possibly also that Mr. Mortimer was not.

That may very likely have been the impression that she intended to convey; but whether her true sentiments were such as were implied therein was quite another question. For no sooner had she set foot on the deck of the *Albatross*, a smart hundred-and-thirty-ton yawl, flying the white Squadron ensign, than she began to devote her whole attention to the fortunate owner of that vessel, and seemed to have suddenly forgotten that there was anybody else in the vicinity.

"I shall go below until we have got under way," said Lady Wetherby decisively; "I don't want to have my head knocked off."

Lady Evelyn, perhaps, saw no reason to dread that fatality, or was willing to take the risk of it. She remained where she was, chatting with Mortimer about things and people utterly unknown to Willie, while the yacht was released from her moorings and glided past the pier-head under mizzen and jib. She had to duck when the mainsail was hoisted and the heavy boom swung over; but she evidently knew enough about nautical matters to be able to take care of herself, and indeed she presently showed that she, at any rate, had full confidence in her own seamanship.

"Now, Parkins," said she, turning to the skipper, "I'm going to steer."

"If you please, my lady," answered Parkins, resigning the tiller with a smothered sigh.

He looked so depressed as he moved forward and passed Willie that the latter, though he did not feel particularly merry at the moment, could not help laughing. "You don't put much faith in your substitute, do you?" he asked.

"Oh, we can't come to no harm, sir," answered the man; "only I wish her ladyship could have waited a bit longer. You see, there's bound to be a lot of gentlemen staring out of them there club windows, and I don't know but what they might think we was all intoxicated."

It must be confessed that the course pursued by the *Albatross* was somewhat erratic and that she did not appear to be making quite the most of a fair wind. But perhaps her owner was in no desperate hurry to reach his destination, and certainly he was indifferent to the possible censures of the club critics. He sat upon the bulwarks, with his hands in his pockets, swinging one leg, while he kept up an unflagging conversation with Lady Evelyn, fragments of which reached the ears of the despised third person. Their talk, so far as he could gather, related entirely to royalties and dukes and duchesses and other grantees; it was not, perhaps, exactly the kind of talk in which lovers are wont to indulge; yet it was of a nature to make a humble lieutenant of infantry realise how very far he was removed from their coterie. After a time Lady Wetherby reappeared, and he had to get a chair for her and make her comfortable and listen, rather inattentively, to her comments upon the news contained in the *Morning Post*, which she had brought on board with her. Not until they were off Berry Head and luncheon was over was any excuse given him for approaching Lady Evelyn, and by that time he was so thoroughly dispirited that it was she who had to take the initiative. When they left the main cabin, Mortimer went forward to give some order or other, and then it was that our hero's presence was at length recognized by the person who was alone responsible for it.

"How bored you look!" Lady Evelyn said, as she moved astern and beckoned to him to join her, her mother having returned to a wicker chair and the *Morning Post*. "Don't you like yachting?"

"It all depends," answered Willie candidly; "I daresay I should enjoy it well enough if I had a yacht of my own and if—if I could choose my company."

"That is truly flattering to the present company. Well, I

don't think I care very much about yachting in anybody's company. It can't be called sport ; all that can be said for it is that it's a shade better than going out for a constitutional. I'd rather be hunting, wouldn't you ?"

This, it may be conjectured, was a leading observation ; for Lady Evelyn had seen enough of her companion to know what his tastes were, and enough of men in general to be aware that it is useless to try and make them talk upon subjects in which they are not interested. Be that as it may, she very soon brought this young man to a happier frame of mind, and found him quite as good an authority upon the points of a horse as Mortimer perhaps was upon the domestic affairs of duchesses.

And Mortimer was apparently troubled by no ignoble sentiments of envy or jealousy. When he sauntered aft and perceived that he had been replaced, he sat down contentedly beside Lady Wetherby, making no attempt to interrupt a colloquy which to one of those concerned in it was so delightful. Willie knew, or thought he knew, perfectly well that the girl whom he loved did not care a pin for him ; but he also knew, or thought he knew, that she did not care a pin for his rival. That was as much as he could expect or hope for. To be permitted to sit by her side, to watch her face and to hear her voice—this was sufficient for him in the early stage of the malady with which he was afflicted. What if she did speak of nothing but protracted runs and the pedigree of hounds and the joys of cub-hunting, which were denied to her ? It was, at any rate, to him that she addressed her remarks, not to the other fellow.

But the other fellow's turn came in due time ; possibly the other fellow may have been comfortably aware that it would come. The pretty little land-locked port of Dartmouth was made early in the afternoon ; the anchor rattled down, the gig was lowered, and Mortimer remarked that there would be heaps of time for a walk before taking the train back to Torquay. The party, on being set ashore, naturally headed, as everybody who lands at Dartmouth does, for the wooded promontory on which the quaint old church of St. Petrox stands ; and doubtless it was equally natural—at all events, it so fell out—that Mortimer and Lady Evelyn should lead the way, Willie being thus once more relegated to the charms of Lady Wetherby's society.

Lady Wetherby had a kind heart and an ample stock of common sense and about as much perspicacity as is required for the recognition of the obvious. She therefore thought it

only right to utter a few words of admonition for the benefit of her young friend, the expression of whose features had told its own tale to her during the previous hour. As she ambled beside him along the shady footpath she began, with transparent diplomacy, by deploring the change which had come over girls in the course of the last twenty years.

"I suppose that since the world began there must always have been flirts," she said; "but I don't think that flirtation was quite such a common, matter-of-course thing in my day as it is now. The men, no doubt, are chiefly to blame. They don't wish to be taken seriously; they only want to amuse themselves, and the girls, who very soon find that out, follow suit and amuse themselves too. So perhaps it's as broad as it's long, and no hearts are broken when both sides play the game. But, as I always tell Evelyn, it does occasionally happen that a man is really in earnest, and then it is very wrong to trifle with him."

"Of course I know nothing about it," said Willie gravely; "but I shouldn't have thought that Lady Evelyn was a flirt."

"Oh, I'm quite sure she doesn't mean to be," her mother declared; "but she is accustomed to receiving a good deal of attention, and perhaps she doesn't understand the difference between the men whom she meets in London and the men who may happen to turn up elsewhere. She says and does things which really mean nothing at all, and sometimes I am afraid that they may be taken as—as meaning something, you know."

Nothing could have been more explicit. Willie appreciated the kindly compassion which had prompted this warning, although it came too late in the day to be of any service to him. He was only one of the men who had "happened to turn up elsewhere," and his chances, no doubt, were infinitesimal; still, such as they were, he must needs cling to them so long as the shadow of a shade of hope remained.

"Is Mortimer one of the London men who don't wish to be taken seriously?" he ventured to inquire.

"Upon my word I can't tell you," answered Lady Wetherby, laughing. "I think he is serious, and I don't mind confessing that I hope he is. From my point of view he is unexceptionable; but my point of view may not be Evelyn's, and I wouldn't for the world urge her to act against her inclinations. As far as I can judge, she likes him: at all events, I am tolerably certain that there is nobody else whom she likes better."

Willie remained silent. After all, he had been told no more

than he already knew ; yet there is a difference between being aware of a fact and hearing it stated in plain words, so that he did not greatly enjoy the remainder of his walk. Lady Wetherby took charge of him until it was over—an arrangement which seemed to meet the approval of the other couple. What she discoursed about while they paced slowly through the woods and admired the prospect, and then retraced their steps to the landing-stage, whence they crossed by ferry to the Kingswear station, he scarcely knew ; but he had a general impression that she meant to be kind and was sorry for him. In the train, both Lady Wetherby and Mortimer fell asleep—fancy falling asleep at such a time !—but Lady Evelyn, who was gazing out of the window at the darkening landscape, responded only by monosyllables to the few remarks which Willie made so bold to address to her, and it was evident that, whatever the subject of her thoughts might be, she was not thinking about him. After a time he desisted from troubling her. It was not until they were nearing Torquay that she took his breath away by leaning forward and saying abruptly :

"It has been a horrid day, hasn't it ?"

"I didn't know it had," answered Willie stupidly ; "I—I thought it had been a great success."

"So do they," she returned, indicating the two sleepers with a slightly disdainful gesture. "I didn't think so ; but then I suppose I am rather hard to please. I daresay it's all right, and it doesn't much signify if it's all wrong," she added, throwing herself back again into her corner.

Torquay was reached and Lady Wetherby and Mortimer were wide awake before he could ask her to explain herself ; but while he was wending his solitary way homewards her meaning seemed to become clear to him. She had accepted a man whom she didn't love and she was already beginning to repent of her folly ; that much might be surmised. But why she had accepted the man, and whether her repentance would prove lasting, and what prospect there was of her adhering to a hastily formed engagement—these were questions which sufficed to keep a straightforward and bewildered youth awake more than half the night through.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WILLIE GOES TO CHURCH.

Willie was mistaken in supposing that Lady Evelyn had accepted Mortimer's heart and hand. One excellent reason—possibly the only one—why she had not done so was that those priceless possessions had not yet been offered to her. However, she knew that she could have the refusal of them when she pleased, that she would be told as much ere long, and indeed that she had only escaped being told as much that very afternoon by some exercise of preventive skill. Evelyn Foljambe's ideas with regard to matrimony were those which commonly prevail amongst girls of her class and are not so very rare in other classes. At the age of fifteen or sixteen she had followed the dictates of human nature, dreaming of some more or less impossible hero, for whose sake, when the time should come, she would be willing to brave poverty and other afflictions ; but a short experience of the realities of fashionable life had cured all that. She had met a great many men and not one of them had been in the least heroic ; the girls of her acquaintance had been heartless and sceptical, or at all events had talked as though they were so ; even her mother had always seemed to regard marriage as quite an unromantic affair. The girls who were spoken of as having married well were those who had acquired a title or a fortune ; the few who had married for love were considered to have made fools of themselves, and indeed she had had opportunities of observing that the latter not unfrequently ended by concurring in the general verdict upon their conduct. For her own part, she naturally judged of men as she had found them ; she did not believe that any man would ever break his heart on her account, and she thought that if she met one whose social standing was such as to command the approval of her family, whose character was tolerably good, whose personal appearance was not displeasing, and who seemed to be as much attached to her as it is within the range of masculine capacity to be attached to anybody, she would be extremely unwise to refuse him. As Mr. Mortimer fulfilled all those conditions, it was difficult to say why she had taken such trouble to keep him at bay during that afternoon walk or why

she had been so petulant and dispirited on the way home. She herself could not answer the question in any way that was agreeable to her, and a lecture which she received the next morning from her mother did not serve to put her in any better conceit with herself.

"Evelyn dear," Lady Wetherby began, assuming that kindly, serious demeanour which mothers always assume when they are a little bit afraid of their daughters, "I want to speak to you about young Brett. Of course I know that you mean no harm ; but he may not understand—most likely he doesn't—and I think you ought to be a little more careful. He never took his eyes off you and Mr. Mortimer while he was walking with me yesterday."

"Well," said Lady Evelyn rather flippantly, "I suppose his eyes are his own and he can use them as he pleases."

"Yes ; but you cannot wish him to use them in that way. And—and I doubt whether Mr. Mortimer would wish it either."

"Oh, I don't mind," Lady Evelyn declared. "As for Mr. Mortimer, I haven't reached the point of consulting his wishes upon such subjects yet, and I daresay I never shall."

"Probably you will not if you go on trifling with him. Patient as he is, you may exhaust his patience ; and then, my dear, I think you will be sorry. You know as well as I do—sometimes it seems to me that you know a great deal better—how few men there are who are so nice in every way as Mr. Mortimer ; but one thing I know perhaps a little better than you do, because I am so much older, and that is that all men get over a disappointment far more easily than we do."

"I haven't a doubt of it, Mamma ; but I don't know of anything that would disappoint me particularly just at present, except being forbidden to speak to poor Mr. Brett again. And I really don't quite understand what I am being scolded about."

"I am not scolding you, dear," Lady Wetherby answered, "I am only warning you. I have never tried, and I never will try, to decide your fate for you ; but I confess that I do like Mr. Mortimer, and I hoped from what I had seen that you liked him too."

"Oh, he is very well off and pretty well-behaved and not bad-looking," said the girl. "The same description applies to Mr. Brett, for that matter."

"Not altogether," observed her mother gently. "Mr. Brett

may be a rich man one of these days, but his prospects are not certain, I believe ; and then, although I don't mean to say that he hasn't all the feelings of a gentleman, still he isn't—well—exactly in the same position as Mr. Mortimer, you know."

"I see," said Lady Evelyn ; and, after a pause, "I'll endeavour to put him back into his proper position if he seems to be in danger of forgetting it, then. Meanwhile, I can't very well prevent him from looking at me, unless you forbid him the house."

Lady Wetherby did not say much more. Her daughter often puzzled her ; for she was a very simple sort of woman, to whom the problems of life had always presented themselves in their simplest guise. She thought that Lady Evelyn was fond of Mortimer and would marry him ; she was not at all afraid that the girl would become too fond of Willie Brett—only, for the poor young fellow's sake, she wished to nip a possible flirtation in the bud. And she was placidly persuaded that she had done so by means of the above remarks. As for adopting so extreme a measure as forbidding him her house, that of course was merely a joke.

However, whether by accident or design, she did not invite Willie to her house for several days, and since he was not asked, he remained away. He could not have adopted a more effectual method of quickening the interest which Lady Evelyn felt in him. She had an impression that he, as well as her mother, had disapproved of the manner in which she had behaved on board the yacht and that he was absenting himself by way of giving expression to his disapproval. Now this was both impertinent and unjust on his part ; because, in the first place, her behaviour was no concern of his, and, in the second, she could conscientiously say that on that occasion it had been in all respects what it ought to have been. She wished, therefore, that he would be good enough to call, so that she might have the chance of giving him the snubbing that he deserved.

But the days passed on and he made no sign, and nobody seemed to wonder what had become of him. Some friends came to stay in the house, which enabled her to avoid *tête-à-tête* interviews with Mortimer, who accepted that temporary deprivation good-humouredly enough. Once she caught a glimpse of Willie in the distance. He was walking between his mother and his little half-sister and looked somewhat dejected, she thought. For some reason or other, that momentary view of him brought

about a change in her feelings, and it occurred to her that perhaps, instead of being so presumptuous as to sit in judgment upon her, he was merely hurt by something that she had said or done. If so, it was surely her duty to take an early occasion of explaining that she was innocent of having intentionally given him any cause for offence.

The next day being Sunday, Lady Evelyn surprised the assembled company at luncheon by announcing casually that she was going to church in the evening.

"But, my dear child," remonstrated Lady Wetherby, who sometimes went to church in the afternoon, but had a vague idea that the evening services were intended for the poorer classes, "how will you manage about dinner? You can't be home by eight o'clock, can you?"

"Oh, no; I don't suppose I shall be back much before a quarter to nine," answered the girl calmly; "but it doesn't matter. If one dish is kept warm for me, that will do perfectly well."

Lady Evelyn was allowed to take her own way in most things. The sun was just setting as she entered a certain church in the town, and as she settled herself in her place she saw in front of her precisely what she had expected to see, namely, the back of Willie Brett's closely-cropped head. For indeed he had told her that he was fond of good music, and was consequently in the habit of attending the evening services at that particular place of worship.

It may be hoped that she said her prayers. At all events, she enjoyed the music, and if she did not derive much profit from the sermon, no doubt that was because it was absolutely necessary for her to go through a careful rehearsal of the interview which she foresaw would follow it. That Mr. Brett was alone and would walk home with her she was convinced, and this shows the disadvantage (it is more than outweighed by the advantage, but that is neither here nor there) of separating the sexes in church. For when the congregation dispersed and Lady Evelyn, who had measured her distance nicely, stepped up to the side of the unsuspecting young officer, it was rather disconcerting to find that Miss Flossie Archdale had already secured possession of his right hand. Flossie, to be sure, was delighted to see her and embraced her affectionately; but there was no great consolation in that. As for Willie, he also was probably delighted, although he did not look so,

He took off his hat and seemed to be a trifle embarrassed, and said—

"I thought you never went to church in the evening."

"I am thinking of turning over a new leaf," answered Lady Evelyn gravely. "If other people can put up with a tepid dinner, why shouldn't I? Your church is very nice indeed. I presume from your frequenting it that you belong to the Ritualistic persuasion and are therefore addicted to mortifying the flesh. Might one ask why you haven't done penance by calling upon us all this long time?"

"Ought I to have called? I didn't know," replied that stupid young man, who, not having had time to collect his wits, said the first thing that came into his head.

Assuredly he did not intend to be ungracious; yet his words sounded so to one who was perhaps on the look-out for ungraciousness, and by ill-luck he was unable to retrieve the false step that he had made, for before he could speak again the group was joined by Mr. Mortimer.

"How are you, Brett?" said that good-natured fellow. "When are you going to give me my revenge at golf? You said you were going to church, Lady Evelyn, so I thought I'd go too. Jolly sort of service—plenty of singing and flowers and candles and all that. First-rate voluntary too; only you wouldn't stop to listen to it."

If it had not been quite dark, Willie would have seen Lady Evelyn frown impatiently and colour. As it was, he only heard her say, in a tone of pleased surprise, "Oh, is that you? How fortunate! Now you can see me home. I was going to victimise Mr. Brett, who, I am sure, will be grateful to be released. Good-night, Mr. Brett. Good-night, Flossie."

She bent down and kissed the child, gave Willie a little nod, and, turning up a side street, was soon out of sight, together with her escort.

"I wish Mr. Mortimer would go away," was Flossie's pertinent remark. "Lady Evelyn hasn't been half so nice since he has been here, and she never takes me out for walks now."

"I don't think he will go away just yet, Flossie," answered the young man gloomily. "Saving your presence, I shouldn't wonder if Lady Evelyn liked walking with him better than walking with you."

Of course there could be no sort of question as to that. The engagement might not yet be formally announced; but that it

existed was evident enough. She had assumed without hesitation that Mortimer would be glad to accompany her to the top of the hill on which she resided, although he did not live there himself and would have to come all the way down again ; she had not even called him " Mr. Mortimer," but had addressed him as " you"—a very ominous sign. Well, there was nothing to be astonished at in that, nor anything to grumble about ; only if Mortimer was both unable and unwilling to leave Torquay, somebody else was neither the one nor the other. In truth there seemed to be nothing for it but to go away and court oblivion. Willie was quite aware that he had no right to feel sore ; but that did not prevent him from feeling sore or from shrinking from the misery of seeing the girl whom he loved claimed by another man. Before the evening was over he found himself alone with his mother, Archdale having, in accordance with what appeared to be an established custom, strolled down to the club to smoke a cigar in the company of sundry choice spirits.

" I think," said he, taking advantage of this opportunity, " I may as well pay my visit to Blaydon at once and get it done. Then perhaps, if you cared to have me, I might come back here for Christmas."

" I know very well what that means," returned Marcia. " Flossie told me that you met Evelyn Foljambe at church this evening, and of course she snubbed you, and you were quite astonished at her want of taste, and now you are going to leave Torquay by way of punishing her. Unfortunately you will not punish her, because she has made all the use of you that she ever expected to make ; you will only punish me. Oh, what a pity it is that one sees nothing clearly until it is too late ! I love you, whereas that cold-blooded girl, who isn't even attractive, loves nobody except herself. But it is useless to tell you that, for you won't believe it."

" I do believe that you care for me, mother," answered Willie. He was not prepared to affirm that he believed in Lady Evelyn's cold-bloodedness, nor did he wish to speak about her at all.

" Then it is you who do not care for me," Marcia rejoined. " You have seen what my life is ; you can't help knowing that all the cares and anxieties of the household fall upon my shoulders ; you can't help knowing that I am lonely and wretched and that my only happiness is to have you with me. Yet you propose to desert me, and you don't so much as pretend that

there is any reason for your desertion. It is all in the course of nature, I suppose ; when once birds are fledged they won't return to the nest. But it does seem to me that the course of nature is horribly cruel."

Fledged birds, as everybody knows, are cast upon their own resources by their parents, and Willie might have retorted that his mother had treated him after the fashion adopted by that least maternal of birds, the cuckoo ; but his inclination at the moment was rather to rejoice in this tardy display of affection than to murmur at the years of neglect which had preceded it, and he answered simply—

"If you really wish me to stay, I'll stay. I shall have to go to Blaydon sooner or later ; but it needn't be yet."

"You must do as you please," returned his mother rather ungratefully. "Of course it will make all the difference to me whether you are with me or not ; but perhaps it would be better for you to go away than to remain with any hope of winning that girl. It is true that she isn't worth winning if you only knew it !"

Willie resolutely declined to enter upon the question of Lady Evelyn's worth. He contented himself with declaring that he did not cherish any such hopes as were attributed to him—which was true enough—and assuring his mother that she might always count upon his presence when she desired it.

That seemed to satisfy her. As a matter of fact, she did love her son and longed to possess his whole heart, though she was not without a glimmering consciousness of the absurdity of such a longing. She did not love him well enough to wish for his happiness rather than her own, because it was out of her power to love anyone in that way ; but she understood that he was making something of a sacrifice for her sake, which caused her to love him the more. That his happiness would be insured in the impossible event of Lady Evelyn's responding to his calf-love she did not for a moment believe. Lady Evelyn, in her opinion, was a detestable young woman, and what mother could wish her son to fall into the clutches of a detestable young woman ?

(To be continued.)

A TRAGICAL TERTULIA.



IN the memoirs and histories of the early part of the eighteenth century frequent references may be found to a tragedy which befell the Upper Ten of Madrid in September 1723. S. Simon had unfortunately recently left Spain, otherwise he would doubtless have elaborated in one of his inimitable word-pictures the details of that terrible "tertulia" in which the most intimate friends and acquaintances of his Spanish visit were so nearly concerned. As it is, he refers to it more than once, most fully perhaps in this following passage. "It was at this time that happened that sudden flood at Madrid, near the Buen Retiro, in which the Duchess of Mirandola was drowned in her oratory, and the Prince Pio and several others perished, while the Duke of Mirandola, the Duke of Liria, the Abbé Grimaldo, and the Venetian Ambassador saved themselves with infinite difficulty. Meanwhile the superb house of the Duke and Duchess of Ossuna with its magnificent furniture was burning in the upper part of the town, without any means of keeping the fire under from lack of water!"

Some compensation for the loss of a more circumstantial account by the forerunner of Society journalists may be found in a description of the tragedy which exists in the Record Office by another visitor to Madrid, less brilliant, but scarcely less observant. The writer was Colonel Stanhope who appeared to S. Simon "*parfaitement un Anglois*," serious, talking little, and saying nothing when he talked, with his ears always open, given to "pumping," never going into society except with good reason and not from taste. He had therefore some qualifications both for receiving and imparting information. His letter to Lord Carteret was written within a few days of the disaster which he narrowly escaped, thanks to a fever which had caused some interruptions in his despatches. His main object in writing is

to apologise for this delay. His letter may be thought of sufficient interest to print, for assuredly no ordinary evening party before or since has met with so unlikely and so unlucky a *dénouement*.

"I was not able to do myself the honour of writing to your Lordship by the last post, being at that time very much indisposed with an intermitting fever, but at present I have got the better of it by force of the Jesuits' Bark which I have begun to take, and still continue the doing of. This fever instead of being a misfortune has probably been the occasion of saving my life, which would certainly otherwise have run the same risk with those of several others in a most terrible disaster that happened in the Duke of Mirandola's house here upon the 15th inst. at ten of the clock at night. The catastrophe was of so very extraordinary a nature that I persuade myself your Lordship will excuse my taking up some of your time in explaining the particulars to you as I can, tho' I don't pretend to do it very exactly since the very persons who found themselves embarked in it and escaped with their lives were under too great a consternation to be able to give any clear account of the matter. To explain it then as well as I can I must acquaint your Lordship that for these two years last past the Duke and Duchess of Mirandola have had an assembly at their house every night of people of the first quality of Madrid, at which all the foreign ministers also assembled, and amongst the rest I never failed finding myself, when my health or affairs would possibly give me leave to be there. Their house was in the body of the place, but wanting some repairs at present, the Duke and Duchess had borrowed for a few weeks another house upon the skirts of the town belonging to the Count d'Oñate to which they had removed some ten days agoe where they continued their assembly. This house stands low, having a large garden behind it upon a rising ground, the wall of which goes almost to that of the town, beyond which there are also other rising grounds, tho' far from being mountainous. The assembly happened to be that evening thinner than usual by reason of the illness of the Marquis de los Balbazes' son which hindered not only the said Marquis and his lady from being there but also the Duke and Duchess of Medina Celi, of Arcos, the Princess Pio, Ambassadrice of Venice, etc., who otherwise never failed. The assembly then consisted of the Duke and Duchess of Mirandola, the Duke of Lyria, the Duke of Atri, the

Pope's Nuncio, the Ambassador of Venice, the Abbot Grimaldo, Don Tiberio Carraffa, Don Lelio Carraffa and some few, who being met as usual, a violent storm of thunder and lightning happened about 9. The Duchess being frightened left the company and went into her chapel to pray, three rooms from that of the assembly, tho' upon the same ground floor, and about 10 of the clock a torrent of water that had come from the rising grounds having broke down the wall of the town did the same to that of the garden, and in an instant flung open the window-shutters of the ground apartments, overturned all tables and lights and filled the rooms with water. The poor Duchess with her maids were immediately drowned, the men run out into the Courtyard before the house where they found the water equally high, and Prince Pio endeavouring to save himself in the street was carried away by the torrent and his body found the day afterwards two leagues from Madrid. Don Tiberio Carraffa got upon the top of a coach which overturning by the force of the stream was thrown against another by which blow he had his head almost opened and was immediately also drowned. The Prince of Chellamare placed himself upon another coach which likewise overturned, but he had the good fortune to get again upon the wheel, whence he remained till help was brought to him, extreemly bruised and having swallowed a great quantity of water and sand. The Duke of Lyria was running the same fate with Prince Pio, but being a good deal taller and seeing by help of the lightning a window over his head, jumped up and caught hold of the iron grates before it, by which he held, untill the people in the upper apartment let down cords to him, by which they drew him up. The Ambassador of Venice not being able to get out of the assembly room where the water was ten feet high supported himself upon two chairs for two hours which swam upon the surface of the water until it abated enough for him to get out of the door. As for the Nuncio and the Duke of Atri they had left the company half an hour before the accident happened. The rest of the gentlemen were saved, but how not one of them is able to give any reasonable account."

This description is interesting not only on account of the noteworthy tragedy, but as indicating the very motley elements of which the Court of Madrid was composed after the Treaty of Utrecht, and the curious preponderance which the *régime*, firstly of Madame des Ursins and then of Elizabeth Farnese,

had given to the Italian refugees. The Duke of Mirandola was descended from the brother of the phoenix Pico, and was lawful lord of the Principality of which the Austrians had robbed him. If the Emperor of Germany had robbed him of his inheritance the King of Spain deprived him a wife, for he had been the intended husband of Elizabeth Farnese until Alberoni's description of the nice Lombard girl, fattened on butter and Parmesan cheese, tempted the not too delicate fancy of the uxorious widower. His pious and ill-fated Duchess was perhaps the Queen's most intimate friend. Prince Pio was half Lombard and half Portuguese. It was a hard fate that swept into a "sort of sewer" the body of the polished, valorous, and vain-glorious noble, with his lofty ambitions and his high opinion of himself. He must have been much missed in the coming winter's balls, for he was of shapely figure and he danced divinely. Cellamare, Duke of Giovenazzo, was of a Genoese family, transplanted to Naples and thence to Spain. He had been Alberoni's most capable ally even against his own uncle, the Cardinal del Giudice. In him, as Spanish Minister at Paris, had centred the celebrated plot against the Regent d'Orleans. In this affair his carelessness had sacrificed his friends, but his scathing satire avenged them at Dubois' expense. He was step-father to his host, and his escape was curious, for he was now old and had been old before his age. The Duke of Liria had married a Spanish wife and had become a great grandee, but he was a Fitzjames, the son of Marshal Berwick, and was the centre of the frequent Jacobite intrigues in Spain. He was saved to write a most interesting description of the Russian Court, which has within the last year been published. He found other Spanish evening parties with their light refreshments and heavy conversation intolerably dull, and not long after the above Court retired from Spain for ever. The Carraffa brothers belonged to a noble Neapolitan house, of which the most distinguished members had been the fiery old Paul IV., who cursed the Spaniards over his full, dark, Neapolitan wine, and his ruffianly Nipoti, who met their end upon the scaffold.

It will have been noticed that the Englishman's sober letter makes no mention of S. Simon's striking contrast between the burning palace on the hill and the drowning lady in the lowlands. But Colonel Stanhope's secretary Holzendorf wrote on September 13th, that on the previous Saturday morning the Monteleone palace was burnt down in less than two hours, most

part of the furniture being saved, but some people stifled. It seems tolerably certain that this is the fire to which S. Simon refers, but it happened in the morning and not at ten of the clock at night, and it preceded the flood by several days. If the fires are identical it is a characteristic if extreme example of S. Simon's method. His pictures are vivid because in fact they are largely composed. He concentrates in a sentence or a scene incidents distinct in time and place. It is this which gives the artistic quality to his work, and it is owing to this faculty that he has been credited with his marvellous gift "*de voir et de faire voir.*" In the present case the extent of composition is hardly to be justified, for time is not a trivial detail, but is, to modify a legal phrase, of the essence of the contrast. A more justifiable example may be drawn from a scene described at different periods by himself. His '*Memoirs*' in their final form are a highly finished work, and this is peculiarly the case with the section which describes his Spanish embassy. But of recent years has been published the original rough draft written when the events were fresh, and not only this but the short bright letters which he wrote from week to week. In his '*Memoirs*' will be found the tale of his invitation to a royal hunt. The King and Queen were placed under cover in one arbour, while S. Simon was with the Prince of Asturias and his suite in another. The game of every shape and size were driven past the sportsmen, and S. Simon in the excitement of the moment fired and killed a fox. His exploit was greeted with a peal of laughter, and the Duke who lived on etiquette was overcome with shame, not indeed, as Englishmen might think, because he had shot a fox, but because he had fired before the King. Writing to the Duke of Orleans he says, "Two miracles have happened, one to kiss the hand of the Cardinal Borgia, and the other to kill a fox at the King's hunt. I had to come to Spain to perform two such prodigies." Not a word here of the breach of etiquette. But the draft memoir is more explicit. "The King at the Queen's request sent me a gun, and I killed a fox, though I had not shot for a year. The other time that they gave me a gun I paid dearly for my triumph by my stupidity in firing first, which I only noticed a long time after, when my apologies provided material for conversation and pleasantry." This is a case where composition is entirely without blame. The tale was really if not actually true. It mattered not a tittle whether S. Simon's shots were two or one. S. Simon was essentially an artist, and

artists will not be tied to the apron-string of truth. Has not one of our greatest landscape painters been watched when painting Oxford with his back to her river and her towers? And has not the imagination of yet another engineered a railway viaduct on trestles across the hay-fields of the Upper Thames? But we also are travelling too far afield from the tragical tale of the Duchess of Mirandola's "at home."

E. ARMSTRONG.

The foregoing narrative makes no attempt to account for the cause of the melancholy catastrophe; but, from certain statements in it, I cannot doubt that it may be explained by the fall of a waterspout, or *sac d'eau*, on the heights behind the Palace where the party had assembled. A heavy thunderstorm, even in this country, is frequently accompanied by a like outburst of water from the clouds. Not many years ago, within my knowledge, a similar torrent of mud and water descended from the hill behind the house of Brasted Park, near Sevenoaks in Kent. The house stands opposite to a gap in the hills behind, and is surrounded by a deep sunk area. In a moment, without warning, this was suddenly filled, as well as the lower storey, with liquid mud, which set the furniture afloat, filled the linen-presses, and would have drowned the butler, who slept on the ground-floor, had he not been awake and on foot at the early hour in the morning when the visitation occurred.

J. M.



WORLDLY WISDOM

(ON THE TERRACE).



SHE. So you're going to Scotland to-morrow,
And our foolish dream-holiday ends,
Life is parting, and parting is sorrow—
But I hope we shall always be friends!

HE. Yes, friends. When you're Duchess of Mayrose
Will you ever look back with regret,
To the day when we parted—to-day, Rose—
Or the wonderful day when we met?

SHE. Oh no, I shall never regret you,
You know we agreed it was best,
You'd forget me and I should forget you,
And time should take care of the rest.

HE. You know I *must* marry for money,
I haven't a *son* to my name!

SHE. Yes, I know; it's as sad as it's funny
That my situation's the same.

And the Duke comes to-day—

HE. Yes, confound it!
My eye's on the Lodge—when I see
That brute and his carriage come round it,
Then "Hey! bonnie Scotland!" for me.

SHE. That girl you are going to marry,
I'm sure she is red-haired and tall,
And freckled—broad Scotch—my poor Harry,
You're not to be envied at all!

HE. And your Duke? He is sixty and over,
And crooked and cross as can be;
A very desirable lover,
That's one consolation for me!

SHE. Don't talk about him: I would rather
Forget him as long as I can.
Hal—are you quite sure that your father
Is set on this Scotch heiress plan?

HE. Yes—embarrassed estates—empty coffers—
Don't talk about that—but instead,
Let's talk of your Duke's handsome offers,
And all that your mother has said.

SHE. Oh, you need not remind me. Don't fear it!
I know we agreed we must part;
And you'll find it quite easy to bear it—

HE. And it won't break your ladyship's heart.

SHE. We must take the world as we find it;
Love's all very well for a day;
But when love has no fortune behind it,
Love fades very quickly away.

HE. Yes—of course; but these weeks have been pleasant!
You remember the first day we met?

SHE. That's one of the things which at present
I think we had better forget.

HE. There's the carriage! I'm off to my Carry!
Rose—don't look like that! You will fall!
Are you sure that you do mean to marry
That loathsome old man after all?

SHE. Yes—of course. Ah, good-bye! it is better,
Believe me, when duties are done;
You'll find time to send me a letter,
To say how your wooing goes on?

HE. Good-bye! There are wheels on the gravel!

SHE. Good-bye!—since you will have it so!
It's beautiful weather to travel;
And the Duke—

HE. Hang the Duke! I won't go!

E. NESBIT.

EARLY DAYS RECALLED.

AT Cairo an Europeanized young Turk asked us to dine with him in the kiosk of his garden, and promised that "Werd an Nil" (the Rose of the Nile) should sing. I was curious to see her as she had been much talked about. Brought up as a professional singer, her exceeding beauty had captivated a rich old Bey, who married her when she was about sixteen. But she was so bored by the dulness of hareem life that she went before the Cadi, divorced the old Bey, and returned to the life of a gawazi.

We had an excellent dinner "*à l'Européenne*" with several French and Turkish friends of Osman Bey's, and when coffee had been served he got up and went to his hareem, where "Werd an Nil" had spent the afternoon, and dined with his wife. Osman ushered her and her attendant women and musicians into the kiosk with some ceremony, treating her with the greatest courtesy and attention, as though she had been a princess. She was thickly veiled, and after the usual salaaming came and sat down by me on the divan. When after a little conversation she rose, and threw off her veil and outer robe, we quite understood the old Bey's passion. Her beauty was dazzling. Not darker than many an Italian, her brilliant complexion and large almond-shaped eyes, beautiful features and perfect figure, were enhanced by her dress. Trousers of white satin, thickly embroidered with seed pearls, a very short jacket of pink satin covered with gold embroidery, caught just under her breasts with a large diamond button, and under the jacket a shirt of India muslin with gold stars worked on it, through which her ivory-coloured skin shone; while over all floated a thin sky-blue silk abayah or cloak. Coquettishly perched on one side of her head was a gauze handkerchief twisted into the shape of a fez by ropes of pearls; on the other, a sprig of pomegranate, with brilliant scarlet flowers

was fastened by a large diamond brooch. No wonder the Turks uttered a long-drawn "Aah!" when she appeared unveiled before us.

The women who crouched on the ground near the five musicians made a sort of chorus after every verse sung by "Werd an Nil," whose voice was beautiful and wonderfully pathetic. The instruments were a tarabouka, or small drum made of a cylinder of earthenware covered with lamb's hide, and struck with the fingers; a "ney," or flute of remarkably soft sweet tone; a "kemanj" or fiddle, played on the lap; and a kind of mandoline, with a handle five feet long, and only three strings. The fifth man appeared to be the leader of the orchestra, and kept time by clapping his hands. "Werd an Nil" soon called for "sherbet," when Osman Bey jumped up, poured what looked like cognac into a tumbler, and handed it to her himself. To my astonishment, he told me it was brandy, and that this beautiful delicate-looking creature never sang really well until she had drunk several glasses of so-called "sherbet." He was right, for such *hinreissend* singing I never heard before and have never heard since. At length one of the Turkish guests, with many compliments, said that he heard that "Werd an Nil" was as wonderful a dancer as she was a singer, and begged her to show the "Sitt Ingleesch" what *real* dancing was. She looked rather uncomfortable, and glanced at Osman Bey and at the open windows which were darkened by many heads—all Osman's slaves and dependants listening to the wonderful music. He then explained to me that "Werd an Nil" would lose caste, and very likely not be summoned to sing in the Viceregal hareem if she danced before a European woman; but some one suggested shutting the windows and hanging shawls and carpets over them, and then no one would know.

We all set to work; the windows were shut and Turkish rugs were hung up, and then the women began to dance, while "Werd an Nil" smoked a narghile and drank more "sherbet." Their dancing seemed to me mere posturing and rather ugly, and I regretted that the singing had been stopped; when suddenly "Werd au Nil" rose, and leaving her pretty pearl-embroidered slippers near the divan, seized a gauze scarf from one of the women and began to dance. A French gentleman who was there exclaimed, "Mais c'est du Taglioni tout pure!" though anything more unlike European dancing I never saw. The beautiful lithe figure swayed to the wild music, and "Werd an Nil" seemed almost to

float over the thickly carpeted floor, as with tiny steps she advanced or retreated, her bare feet just showing under the folds of the white satin trousers. When the notes of the *ney* rose above the other instruments with a kind of wail, her arms were thrown up as though to follow them, and then fell again with a despairing motion, as if she had been baulked of her dearest wish.

One of the Turks was so carried away by his enthusiasm, that he tore his fez off his head and flung it at her feet.

I saw other dancers during my seven years' stay in Egypt, but they were as elephants compared to a gazelle by the side of "Werd an Nil," who had, I believe, Abyssinian blood in her veins, which accounted for her fair complexion.

While in Cairo, Prince Halim Pacha lent me a very beautiful Arab mare to ride. He had just bought her from a Sheik celebrated for his breed of horses in Arabia Felix, and paid two thousand napoleons for her.

The Prince boasted so much about the fleetness of Arabs as compared to English horses, that my patriotism was roused, and I challenged him to a race in the desert. I had a thoroughbred—"Companion"—once belonging to Lord Howth, the gamest little horse that ever was, and very fast. The only condition I made was, that H. H. should ride himself, and I told him he might bring as many of his *mamelukes* as he liked to help him to beat "Companion." The Prince came to Alexandria with eleven of his best horses, and he rode the famous mare. Beyond Ramleh we found a good stretch of desert, and Mr. Smart, a great lover of horses, was sent a mile and a half away, and we were to ride round him and back to the starting-post.

I let the Prince and his attendants dash off, and with some difficulty kept my horse at a steady gallop, and followed them. They went round Mr. Smart, who was mounted on an old racer with no more mouth than a stone wall, and when I passed him I saw that he would be forced to join in the race *volens volens*. As ill-luck would have it, there was a belt, about three hundred yards in width, of a dwarf prickly plant to pass through, with only a narrow pathway, worn by the donkeys which carried stones. Just as I entered this I heard Mr. Smart's voice behind, "Mrs. Ross! go! I can't hold him!" and heard the quick, sharp thud, thud of his powerful black horse close behind. For the only time in my life I gave "Companion" one cut on the shoulder and rode for my life. His horse was fresh, mine had done a mile and

a half. Mr. Smart weighed some fourteen stone, I weighed nine, and if he had caught me, we should probably both have been killed. I just cleared the belt of prickly bush in time, and swerving to the left, saw the black horse shoot past. "Companion's" blood was up, and I soon caught the Arabs and left them one after the other, straggling behind, beating the Prince and his mamelukes by nearly a quarter of a mile. They did not like it, particularly being beaten by a woman.

In the winter of 1861, Sir James Outram, broken in health and a mere wreck, came to try what the climate of Egypt would do for him. We soon became firm friends, and I used to ride beside his carriage when he was well enough to drive out. Very proud I was of forming the escort of the Bayard of India, and still prouder when he gave me his book on the Persian and Indian campaigns, although I was not a "companion in arms" for whom it was printed. Sir James was a most lovable character. Simple, modest, and truthful; very kind, and unwilling to give trouble, but easily roused to anger by any act of oppression or cruelty, when his eagle eyes would flash and his bent figure would straighten, while his voice became sharp and strong.

We spent the summer of 1864 in Egypt, and right glad I was to get an invitation from M. Guichard, the *alter ego* of M. de Lesseps, to go to Tel-el-Kebir. M. Guichard was the *Chef agricole* of the Suez Canal, and was busily employed in improving the large estate of "El Wady" (the ancient land of Goschen), which had been ceded to the Company by the Viceroy. The Turkish palace has since become famous as the scene of Lord Wolseley's attack on Arabi Pacha.

I was asked to see the Bedaween fête of Abou Nichab, an Abyssinian Saint who died near Assouan. Some devout worshippers brought one arm of the Saint to the Suez desert and built a small tomb over the relic. Whereupon, so runs the legend, Abou Nichab instead of recalling his arm, followed it, and has rested peacefully ever since some twelve miles from Tel-el-Kebir in the desert: 1864 was the six-hundredth anniversary of this miracle, and a large gathering of Bedaween was expected.

Leaving Alexandria by an early train I reached Zag-a-zig about two in the afternoon on the 20th of July, and the heat was intense. There I found my telegram announcing my departure from Alexandria reposing peacefully in the Suez Canal telegraph office, the French clerk having gone to see the fête. So I captured his Berber servant, who had seen his master work the

telegraph, and between us we managed to send a message to M. Guichard, which was absolute nonsense but had the desired effect of making him start to meet me.

I then looked about for some means of transport, as Tel-el-Kebir was twenty miles off, and found nothing but a camel which was bringing a load of straw to the station. The face of my English maid when I proposed that we should mount the camel, one on each side in the nets which had served for the cut straw, was a study! Just as I was trying to persuade her that a camel, after all, was not so very uncomfortable, a cabriolet with one spring broken came slowly along the dyke of the Bahr el Moïse, the small canal which fed the fresh-water canal flowing from Ismailiah and Port Said to Suez. The wretched mare had done twenty miles, and the day before sixty, from Ismailiah, so I had her groomed and fed, and to the dismay of the Arab sals (groom) poured a bottle of beer, which I found in the telegraph office, down her throat. By dint of backsheesh, I persuaded the owner of the camel to let me harness him tandem-fashion in front of the mare, and we started off along the dyke, invoking Abou Nichab to make the telegram intelligible to M. Guichard. After four miles of jolting, the camel refused to do any more work, and lay down grunting in the middle of the road, whence he resolutely refused to move. So we dragged mare and cabriolet over him and slowly proceeded. Darkness came on and strange sounds from night-birds and jackals were beginning, when a shot echoed in the distance, and soon M. Guichard, his white cloak streaming behind him, came galloping towards us, followed by the pony-chaise.

At ten in the evening we reached Tel-el-Kebir, rather weary and extremely glad to get some food. Before daybreak every one was busy loading camels with tents, mattresses, cooking utensils, several live sheep, and many fowls. The little caravan started at sunrise for Abou Nichab in order to pitch the tents and prepare "*beaucoup diner*," as Mohamed the servant said.

We only left Tel-el-Kebir on horseback at two, with a burning sun, but though the thermometer stood far higher than in Alexandria, near 100°, the extreme dryness and lightness of the desert air made it feel cooler. The greyhounds came with us in case we might start a gazelle or a hare. After skirting the cultivated land for about eight miles, we struck into the desert, looking like a party of Bedaween, with white abbayehs or cloaks, and kuffieh (large silk handkerchiefs with tassels) wrapped round our heads, and one end covering the lower part of the face

to prevent the skin being taken off by the reflection from the hot sand. We saw a cloud of dust in the distance, and heard shouting and the galloping of horses. Soon seventy or eighty Bedaween charged down upon us, and then circled round at full speed. They fired their guns into the air, and shook long spears decorated with a tuft of ostrich-feathers above their heads as they welcomed M. Guichard, who was extremely popular. Several of them came up and consoled with him upon my misfortune of having but one leg. They had never seen a European woman ride on a side-saddle before ; all the Bedaween women riding astride like the men.

We galloped to the camp with our wild escort, where we were met by music—a drum and a flute—and found the large tent pitched on a small hillock for the gentlemen, and a tiny one close to it for me. About five thousand Bedaween had assembled to do honour to the “Eed” (festival) of Abou Nichab. Some had come from Syria, others from far away up the Nile ; one of the Sheiks, they said, could call out twenty thousand men to battle. He and seven other principal Sheiks were invited to come and take coffee with us. The *sofragee*, having learnt European ways, handed the first cup to me, whereupon Mohamed Hassan, the great Sheik of the Anadies, rose, and gathering his burnous round him, stalked out of the tent, declaring that it was an insult to serve a woman, a creature without a soul, before him, who could call a whole people to arms. In vain M. Guichard expostulated with him, saying that the Sultan of the Ingleez was a woman, and that in Europe women were much thought of and always served first. It was no use, Mohamed Hassan walked off in high dudgeon.

We dined at dusk under considerable difficulties. Our table tilted in the soft sand, the lights blew out, and a pariah dog stole the roast lamb ; but it was such a novel and picturesque scene, that these small mishaps only added to our gaiety. By moonlight we strolled about in the encampment, and seeing a crowd from whose midst came the jingle of a tambourine, we went to hear the music. The *almeh* (singer) recognized M. Guichard and began to sing his praises, to our amusement and his evident discomfort. “*C'est fort gênant !*” he exclaimed, as after every line a whole chorus of Bedaween would join in, “by Allah, it is true !” or “She speaks gold,” as she sang, “Oh, Frangi ! who loves the Arabs ; who rides like a Bedawee ; whose shot never misses its mark ; who is strong as Antar, and yet gentle as a woman ;

who never oppresses the poor ; whose house is open to all, and who raises not the courbash against the suppliant," &c., &c.

A wonderful picture it made ; the graceful girl, with her arms thrown above her head, striking the tambourine ; her face hidden by a dark veil all covered with strings of gold coins, which glittered in the flickering light of the big meshals, or torches ; surrounded by a circle of wild-looking Bedaween, who kept time by clapping their hands, and when they particularly admired a verse roared out a long-drawn "A-a-h !" And above all the splendid Eastern full moon throwing shadows black as ink, and making the desert look like an endless silver sea.

More music resounded from beyond the circle of tents, and shouts of "Allah ! Allah !" soon rose fast and furious, while a drum was beaten incessantly, and flutes wailed high and shrill. Some dervishes passed us with several large green-and-white flags, and we followed in their wake. A "zikr," or religious exercise, was going on. The men of God stood near the flags, and, accompanied by the flutes, ejaculated the praises of God. "Oh, Allah is great—he is all-powerful ! He is merciful ! Our Lord Mahomet is his Prophet. Allah ! Allah !" and so on. Gradually a large circle of men formed round the dervishes, bowing their heads to the ground shouting, "Allah ! Allah !" They rocked to and fro until it made one giddy to look at them, and after a short time becoming intensely excited, tore off their clothes, and several began to foam at the mouth. It was horrible to see their distorted faces and to hear their guttural howls, and when one of the men fell down in a fit I could bear it no longer.

Sleeping under a tent in the desert, with a trusty Bedawee lying outside across the entrance, sounds very delightful and poetical, but the reality is far from pleasant. What with fleas, small crickets which hopped about my face all night, the snoring of the trusty Bedawee, howling of pariah dogs, neighing and screaming of the tethered horses, sleep was impossible. At four we were all up, and to my dismay I discovered that the Saïs had left my saddle on the horse I had ridden, "to keep him warm." Of course the beast had indulged in a good roll and broken off my third pommel, without which I had never ridden. This would not have mattered if M. Guichard had not sent to Sheik Mohamed Hassan to say that the English "Sitt" begged the loan of *Shaitan* (the Devil), a horse belonging to the tribe, famous for his vice.

We started for the tomb of Abou Nichab, but could not go in as it was the hour devoted to the women's visits. *Shaitan* was there ready, and I had my own bridle with a running martingale and a Pelham bit put on him. M. Guichard had given thirty napoleons as a prize for a two-mile race, and the favourite was pointed out to me by a Bedawee, a white Anazieh horse. He was ugly, but had wonderful hind-quarters, a short back and sloping shoulders. I determined to ride the race, and *Shaitan* went off with three or four buck-jumps; but when he felt a light hand humouring him, soon settled down into a swinging gallop. I confess that I carefully rode through the deepest sand-drifts I could see, so as to take as much out of the horse as possible.

The white Anazieh came in first by 200 yards, and his own sister was second. But the other thirty-two competitors complained that the start had been unfair, so the race was run over again, and the white horse won by at least 500 yards. He was ridden without a saddle and with a bit of rope for a bridle by a boy of fourteen, who deliberately stripped before jumping on his racer. When told that *some* clothing was necessary, he tied an old rag round his middle. The Anazieh were delighted at the triumph of their favourite horse, for which they had refused £800. We were looking at him after the race, when his owner came up and begged us not to notice him for fear of the evil eye, and a moment afterwards he vanished. He was sent into the desert, and only returned to camp after dark.

On our way back to the tents the greyhounds started a hare, and we had a good gallop, with the result that *Shaitan* and I became excellent friends, and that Sheik Mohamed Hassan rode up alongside and salaamed to me. We talked most amicably, and at length he said, to the great amusement of my French companions, "Oh Lady! By Allah! thou ridest like ten Bedaween, and thy conversation is such that thy husband need never go to a coffee-shop for entertainment or knowledge. When thou art tired of thy white master and needest change, come to the tent of Mohamed Hassan. By the head of my father, oh lady! I will stand before thee like thy mameluke and serve thee like thy slave." When we returned to the tents the Sheik "executed himself" to some purpose, for he insisted on serving his "Sitt" (lady) himself "alla frangee" with coffee!

The heat in the middle of the day was intense, and not a sound was to be heard in the encampment save snoring; even the pariah dogs ceased to bark. About four, we were told that

a *fantasia* was to be performed in our honour, so we sat in state in front of the big tent while the Bedaween performed a mock battle. They charged down on the supposed enemy, shouting their war-cries, firing off guns and pistols, and shaking their long spears high in the air. Then with a sudden swoop they turned and fled away, bending low down on one side of their horses' necks, and firing backwards. We got quite excited over the wild, warlike scene. Then several rode up, made their docile little horses kneel before us, shake hands, kick and rear, while others planted their spears in the ground and galloped round it, till we wondered how horse and man did not fall from sheer giddiness.

At sundown twelve of the chief Sheiks came to dine, and we all squatted down on the sand round a huge brass tray placed on a stool-like table. A whole roasted sheep, stuffed with pistachio-nuts and garnished with vegetables, was placed before us, and Mohamed Hassan insisted on tearing off pieces of the flesh and feeding me. A great civility and one not to be refused, but rather trying. After the mutton came "baklawa," a Turkish sweet dish; layers of paste as thin as a wafer, with honey between; most excellent, and evidently in high favour with our guests.

We all agreed that it would be more comfortable to return to Tel-el-Kebir and sleep under a roof and in real beds. So at nine we mounted our horses, and three of M. Guichard's favourite Bedaween accompanied us. One was Saoud, the youngest brother of Sheik Mohamed Hassan, who had come with some followers to settle in the Wady, where he was under French protection. He said to me, "With the Father of Water (M. de Lesseps), if I work, I eat. My horse is my own and not the Mudir's; I can say to our Howager (gentleman, M. Guichard), such a thing is wrong, and he examines into the thing and sets it right. He never laughs in one's face and raises the stick, save, thanks be to the Prophet on whose name be peace, sometimes on a kawass (policeman), who comes from some Turkish Mudir, with lies to ruin a poor Fellah."

When M. Guichard first took the Wady in hand, there were a few poverty-stricken Fellaheen. In three years there were several hundred well-to-do families, and, greatest triumph of all, about fifty Bedaween had settled on the brink of the fresh-water canal, and were tilling the land. As soon as the Wady reverted to the Viceroy all that good and honest management had done,

vanished like smoke. Turkish misrule and corruption undid in a month the work of eleven years.

As we rode across the desert, our black shadows accompanied us like weird spectres, and the Bedaween chanted a monotonous song, now and then interrupted by cursing the sires or dams of our horses when they stumbled at a jerboa's hole. I had to pinch myself to be sure that "I was I," like the little old woman in the tale; it was all so queer and unreal. Several times we saw animals slink away, disturbed while feeding off a dead camel or horse, and the different cries of the wolves, jackals, foxes, and gazelles, sounded quite unearthly in the stillness of the night.

When we reached Tel-el-Kebir towards midnight the momentous question arose, How were we to get in? The "Kefir," or watchman, was fast asleep, and we could not find the key of the door. Any of my readers who have been in Egypt know what an Arab's sleep is. We lifted up the Kefir, and then let him drop; we banged his head against the ground; we fired a pistol close to his ear—a guttural snore was the only answer. At last I suggested going to the back of the old palace, and bombarding with stones the kitchen window, which was near the room where "Périne" slept. Périne, M. Guichard's cook and factotum, was a character. She held the Arabs in profound contempt: "*Que voulez-vous, Madame, des gens qui appelle le bon Dieu Allah, et qui garde leur chapeaux sur la tête dans la maison; un tas d'ignorants!*" and she ruled the "tas d'ignorants" with a rod of iron. Luckily Périne heard the smash of glass, and got up in a very bad temper to see what had happened. I should not have liked to be the Kefir next morning!

Saoud woke us at daybreak, and said it was a pity not to exercise the hawks and dogs. So the energetic ones mounted, and after an hour's ride we sighted a gazelle, but she was too far off, and after a long gallop she got away. We took the dogs to a little oasis where there was a sakieh (well), to drink and rest under the palm trees, and soon Saoud came to tell us a large hare was asleep under a bush. M. Guichard unslung his gun, and we rode in the direction pointed out by Saoud. The hare woke, and went off breasting a slight hill, leading us a long chase. At length it turned towards Saoud and myself; he stood up in his stirrups, pointed his long gun, and sent a bullet through its head. It was a splendid shot, and we complimented

him, whereupon he turned round to me, and with a salaam said, "If the lady had not been there, I should have done nothing. She it is who inspired me; the shot is hers, not mine." My French friends were fain to acknowledge that a Bedawee understood the art of paying compliments better than the most polite nation in the world.

From his high seat on a dromedary Abdoo, the groom, sighted a troop of gazelles, and we held a council of war. Against the wind we rode in a wide half-circle, about two hundred yards one from the other. At a signal from Saoud, two hawks were thrown up, and away we went at a gallop, closing in upon the game. The hawks swooped down, repeatedly striking at the heads of the gazelles, thus preventing them from running straight. Syrian greyhounds show their sense by running "cunning," which in England is not allowed. After several miles of hard riding, we got one gazelle out of four, and soon Abdoo from his exalted perch made out three others. We again spread out in a half-moon, but they saw us, and went away as straight as an arrow. As a last chance, the two fresh hawks were thrown up, and M. Guichard made Elfah, the swiftest but most delicate of the dogs, jump up in front of him. When we got nearer, Elfah sprang down, and, to our astonishment, overran one of the gazelles, knocking it over. M. Guichard, who was first up, flung himself from his horse, and caught it—a baby gazelle. It rode the ten miles home on my knees, and a goat became its foster-mother. A most impertinent and amusing but destructive pet it became; trotting and springing about the rooms, and scratching the cotton stuffing out of the divans to form a soft bed. For tobacco it would do the wildest freaks, and push the fire off a narghilé or chibouk with its velvety soft nose, chewing the hot tobacco with evident delight.

I fear that the old Turkish palace, where the joyous hours sped away like race-horses, is now in ruins, and the walled orange-grove, with its sakiehs moaning and groaning all day and all night, is probably a waste. Yellow oxalis grew under the tall orange-trees and the poinsettias glowed blood-red among the yellow fruit. Many a lovely spot have I seen, but few which so lives in my memory as that palm-shaded orange-garden of Tel-el-Kebir, whose delicious fragrance was wafted for many miles into the sterile desert.

JANET ROSS.

TOWN AND RIVER.



IT was quite clear to every one that Basil Maynard must some day be Lord Chancellor, or Lord Chief Justice at least, for a man who had left the University with such high honours had only to bide his time, and to the top of the tree he must ascend. Meanwhile, however, the subject of these delightful prognostications took the world very easily, and having ample means, was quite prepared to wait for the briefs that were some day or other to shower down upon him. He had his chambers in Stone Buildings, and when the flood of fortune came, doubtless he would be as consistent and steady a worker as you could find at the Bar ; but as his time was his own, and solicitors had not yet begun their great rush on him, he amused himself in his own way. At intervals he did a little at magazine writing and other light literature, always finding a spare margin for the manifold amusements the town has to offer to an idle man. And this being the height of the season, and the Row a delightful place for a saunter, having one day nothing better to do, to the Row he resorted, sure to meet some other kindred spirit in those classic shades.

The Park was crowded, and all was gaiety, brightness, and sparkle, as carriage after carriage swept by, the ever-moving throng making a constant change in the massing of the various hues and tints. Here was to be found the happiest mixture of Nature at its loveliest, and what wealth and the most refined art could effect ; and this fair aspect touched the æsthetic feelings of a man who delighted in all that appealed to the senses. And the Park was at its best. The trees had not yet lost their freshness, and the tender greys and purples of the distance gave a charm to the far-away landscape, where the brilliant greens of the stately old elms and sycamores died off into a maze of dreamy woodland. In the Row the pleasant shadows flung themselves

over the broad pathway, and from his coign of vantage—for Maynard was now peacefully smoking in a conveniently situated chair—there was the clear prospect through the long vista, up and down which passed the riders; for the most part taking their pleasure quietly, for the sun was hot and exertion a trouble. While dreamily musing, his attention was presently aroused by the quick utterance of some men near him who suddenly started to their feet:

“Her horse must have bolted, by Jove! Look! here she comes!”

In a second Maynard was at the railings. Not fifty yards off came a girl by herself, the horse with his head down, plunging forward, and it was clear his rider had nearly lost all control. And now the pair thundered by, and come what evil might, not Maynard or any one standing there could in the very slightest lend aid or assistance. With a sudden rush of thought Basil had brought back to his mind accidents that had occurred to ladies riding on runaway horses; and in such a crowded throng, what with the trees on the roadway, and the greater danger of collision with carriages outside, if the brute should head towards the gates, there seemed very small chance of this fair equestrienne’s escaping with impunity. But the lady, it could easily be seen, had by no means lost her presence of mind. She sat her horse with consummate skill, and the reins in her firm grasp were only held so as to feel the mouth, her main object clearly being to guide her steed, and not to waste her strength in heedless pulling. Her face, and a very sweet face it was, showed no signs of fear or inward distress; but there was some tightening of the lines of the mouth, and a steady look in her glorious eyes, which showed she was aware that at any moment a disaster might occur, and yet she had all her wits about her.

The incident was one that would have attracted any one’s attention, and when a young girl in her youth and beauty is thus swept onward, as it were, to destruction, the sympathies of the bystanders were naturally more than usually excited. As for Maynard, he seemed to feel a direct personal interest in this lady’s fate, and watched her with a gaze that had in it a harrowing suspense. Most fortunately, however, before any catastrophe could happen, though the bystanders saw nothing of what occurred, the runaway was brought under control, and a quarter of an hour after, the horse and its rider, with her friends in close attendance, again rode slowly by, evidently on the way home.

Basil would have given much to ascertain who the fair

equestrienne was ; but no one he knew was on the spot, and puzzle his brains as he might, he was certain he had never seen her at any of the houses he frequented. But he marked her well, for, in repassing, she had leant over close to where he was standing, and patted the neck of the refractory steed that had nearly been her death ; the only sign of the late struggle being that her hair had broken loose from its fastenings and hung down to the saddle. And she, unconscious of the added charm this gave to face and figure, lightly tossed the golden sheen from her shoulders, as she righted herself in her seat, and stopping for a little with her friends under a sheltering tree, handed over to one of them her hat, and twisted the wavy masses back into something like order.

And so the party passed out of his sight. Maynard stayed for a little, looking at their retreating figures, and wondered whether he would ever meet this girl again ; and then reflecting that she was pretty sure to turn up in the Row, or in some house where they had mutual acquaintances, he threw away his burnt-out cigar, and having had enough of the Park, strolled off to his Club.

Maynard's particular chums and cronies at Trinity had been Mark Davenant and Guy Paulett. The three men had of late only met occasionally, for Basil was a lover of the town and cared little for country life ; while Guy, having come into his property after a long minority, was settled in Somerset on his paternal acres ; and Davenant, the heir to a lovely old place on the Thames, infinitely preferred the charms of his own home to the whirl of London life. It thus happened that the three inseparables, as they used to be called, had drifted somewhat apart as the years went on, but the Fates had determined they were this year to be again together, for Davenant had extracted a solemn undertaking from both his friends that they would come to stay with him at Woodthorp for a big water picnic.

In some way the recollection of this promise occurred to Maynard, and he thought it would not be a bad idea to get Guy Paulett to come to see him in town, when they could both together go down to the Davenants. After lunch, then, he sat down to write to Guy, and drifting on and full of what he had seen, expatiated on the beauty of the girl, and ended by hoping that some day he might make her acquaintance. "She looks," he concluded, "town bred to her fingers' tips, so she won't suit you, old man. And if I know anything of good birth and gentle womanhood, I dare to swear she is *pur sang*."

However, Paulett had engagements which prevented his accepting his friend's invitation, and it was clear that the two could not well meet till they found themselves together at Woodthorp.

Meanwhile Maynard searched in vain for the lady who had so captivated his fancy. If she went to the Row, she went there when he was not present, and in the crush of a London drawing-room, there was less chance than ever of picking out any particular person. As likely as not, he thought to himself, he might have been close to her on many a crowded staircase; but there was just the mischief of the thing, for it is by no means always easy to recognize a woman in ball costume whom you have only seen once in a close riding-habit. For all that, he believed if ever he could see his fair unknown he should identify her at once, and meanwhile, becoming more and more determined in his efforts to discover who she might be, he haunted every place where women-folk assembled, in the hope of meeting her again.

Everything comes to him that waits, and at last one hot afternoon at a concert held in a great house for the benefit of some Charity, to his surprise and delight, the lady for whom he had so long searched was presently handed to the piano, where she sang to some one's accompaniment; and then being immensely applauded, with perfect ease and sang-froid, acceded to the desire for an encore, and, accompanying herself, sang a brilliant, sparkling, little song. Eagerly scanning the list of names on the programme, Basil found that it was a Miss Carteret who had so won such hearty acclamation, and hugely satisfied at having learnt thus much, he looked up to see where Miss Carteret might be sitting. But to his disappointment she had vanished.

Leaving the house he met a lady friend who offered to set him down at the Park gates, and as she knew every one in town, the invitation just suited him. Seated in her brougham, he mentioned casually, as if the matter was one of small importance, that Miss Carteret seemed to be something very much above the usual amateur.

"Miss Carteret! why, whom do you mean?"

"The young lady who was so applauded, and who sang twice. See! here is her name on the programme."

"Yes,"—looking over it, "but Miss Carteret could not appear. She sent an excuse just at the last."

"Then who was the lady that took her place?" he enquired.

"Haven't an idea. Have you not met her before?"

"I have, and I have not;" and here Maynard detailed the incident in the Row.

"Quite a little romance, I declare. Well, if I can find who the lovely fair is, Mr. Maynard, I shall be sure and let you know. But here we are at Apsley House, so if you won't come on and have tea with me, we must part."

Basil pleaded an engagement and escaped. And thus for the second time he had lost all clue as to the name and personality of the girl in whom he was so interested.

But luck at last came to him. One night leaving the opera, he found himself near Lady Fordyce and her daughter, who were in the throng on the way out. It happened for a wonder that just on this particular occasion he was not as usual worrying himself about the lost *incognita*, and in fact had almost given up the affair as hopeless. Chatting with his friends, he stood with them while they waited, when a fresh crowd came surging down, and to his joy who should he see but the very person who had, as it seemed, so persistently evaded all his efforts to approach her. She was alone, and from the glances she cast round, it was clear she had got separated from her party. But, of course, it was impossible for Maynard to offer assistance; when Lady Fordyce, with a cry of recognition, sprang to the girl's side and took her under her wing.

"Yes, it's rather provoking," Basil heard in a sweet even voice, "the Woolcombes must have——" The rest he lost, but he was now by her side.

"Pray introduce me, Lady Fordyce," he urged, with ready presence of mind, in a low tone. "Perhaps I may be of use."

"Certainly. Allow me, my dear, to introduce my old friend Mr. Maynard, the staunchest of cavaliers. Dear me! what a tremendous crush!"

Lady Fordyce had not mentioned the lady's name, but that was a mere detail that could be remedied hereafter. Here he had the chance he had been so long looking for, and it had fallen in the most unexpected manner.

"I have had the pleasure," he began, "of seeing you before now."

"Indeed! Where?" she asked, regarding him with a friendly glance.

"Yes. But what a dreadful crowd! We shall be torn asunder. May I not imagine we are in a ball-room? Pray take my arm; you will be safer thus."

She, with no bashful affectation, placed her little hand upon his coat-sleeve, and with a great joy in his heart he went on :

"Yes, I saw you in the Row that day your horse ran away. How splendidly you rode him ! And then, to my intense relief, you returned uninjured."

"Yes," she assented, and then with a pretty little confidence, "but, do you know, I was desperately frightened."

"You did not look frightened."

"I'm glad of that," she laughed.

"I also heard you sing," he eagerly went on, "at the Fortescues' concert. You passed under the name of Miss Carteret."

"Oh," she replied, "that was quite a sudden thing. I hope"—with a bewitching smile, "that you were not very much disappointed at Miss Carteret's absence ?"

"On the contrary, I was——"

What he was going to say was suddenly stopped by the arrival of the young lady's missing friends, and turning to speak to them as she did, Maynard saw that his chances for the night were over ; and cursing his stupidity for not ascertaining what her name was, he tried to console himself with the thought that at any rate he could go to Lady Fordyce to-morrow, and find out all the necessary particulars.

But Fortune had done all for him that she intended, and next day calling at Queen's Gate, he learnt the Fordyces had suddenly been called out of town ; and so again was he just as much at sea as ever, and not one whit nearer to knowing who it was that had so completely absorbed his attention.

He lingered about town for a few days, but she whom he sought was never to be seen, and the time had come for his promised visit to Woodthorp ; and so there was no help for it, and he must just make up his mind to let the whole matter drop, at any rate, for the present.

And now, turning to the doings of Maynard's old crony Guy Paulett, it may not be unprofitable to ascertain how he had been spending the last few weeks. He had come up in June to Cookham with one and two other men, and the whole livelong day was spent on the river. One morning, his friends having deserted him, he punted down the stream and then lay up against a bank, where the shade of the umbrageous trees completely sheltered him from the sun. There was no need to tie the punt up, the pole being quite enough to keep it in its place, and so, drawing out his book and lighting his pipe, he peacefully

reposed. But the warmth of the day and his exertions had made him drowsy, and gradually the novel slipped from his hand, his pipe tumbled out of his mouth, and he was as sound asleep as mortal could be. In such deep repose was he that he did not hear a demon steam-launch as it tore by him, throwing up a great wave of water and rocking him as he lay; and *par consequence*, neither did he perceive that the punt, jerked away from its hold by the pole, was calmly gliding down stream.

Now it so happened that this very morning a charming young lady was balancing herself against the wooden railing of the steps that led to the river, her boat on the further side. It is quite true that this *demoiselle* had been warned to be careful of the railing, but she had laughingly said it would at any rate bear her light weight. And probably enough it might have done so, with fair chances of wear and tear. But it is quite another thing when a heavy punt, borne by the swirl of the stream, suddenly strikes the woodwork. And this is just what happened. While the lady is looking down the stream, and admiring in an absent manner the wonderful beauties of the river, her tender imaginings were suddenly broken in upon by the whole of her foundations instantaneously disappearing; the rotten handrail on which she leaned giving way, and precipitating her—most fortunately not into the water, but right into the punt, whose cushions and plaids, carelessly thrown about, quite broke her fall.

In a second Guy was on his feet and at once perceived what a mess he had got into. His punt had somehow broken away from its moorings, and to make matters worse, he had suddenly crushed into these confounded steps and caused this accident. He rushed to the assistance of the lady, who was not in the least hurt, and after the first surprise, rather amused than otherwise, by the situation. Guy poured out his apologies, which were accepted with the greatest good-nature. She began to think that on the whole he might be in a much worse position. But meanwhile the punt had drifted away and was now clear of the bank.

"I think I must ask you," said the lady demurely, "to be kind enough to put me on shore."

"A thousand apologies for my clumsiness. The worst of it is I've lost my pole,"—looking helplessly around.

"Truly a situation," laughed the girl merrily. "But can you devise no remedy?"

"Well, you see," he hazarded doubtfully, "it won't do, I suppose, to land on this island to which we are drifting?"

"Hardly. That won't improve matters. But see; here's an oar floating by. Can you not get it?"

With a great effort he managed to secure the passing wreckage.

"How lucky!" she exclaimed. "When you introduced yourself to me in that sudden manner—but, by-the-way—you have not introduced yourself yet."

"My name is Guy Paulett. I am staying with some fellows at Cookham."

"Thanks! I am sure," she smiled, "I ought to be obliged to you, Mr. Paulett, for saving me from a watery grave. How convenient to have a boat to receive one when tumbling into the water!"

"You put it very nicely and take it very good-naturedly," he replied. "I can't forgive myself. But here is the oar."

"Why, I declare it belongs to my boat. I suppose it was knocked out in the jar. Well, if you can manage with that, we might venture on our way back.

"We shall not get on very fast, but I think I can secure you a safe passage." And setting to work, he soon brought his fair passenger again to the crazy steps, which still allowed of a foothold to the bank.

"Well, good-bye, Mr. Paulett, and thank you," said the lady. "I'm afraid I've rather spoilt your day. No! keep the oar, you will want it for your return journey."

"I venture to hope," he stammered, "that—that we may meet again. Would you let me know whom I have the honour of addressing? To whom am I to send back the oar?"

"Who knows!" was the answer. "Perhaps we may see each other somewhere or other. Will you send the oar to Miss Dormer?"

"Certainly; it shall be returned this afternoon. Good-bye, Miss Dormer," and raising his hat he bade her adieu.

The girl responded with a gracious bow, and a curious little smile came over her pretty face as she stood for a minute looking up the river at the late partner of her unforeseen outing.

"A bright good fellow, I am sure, and," she emphatically added, "a gentleman. Well, what does it matter? If we meet, it can be explained; if we do not, it can be of no consequence." But none the less did this young girl walk rather thoughtfully towards the house.

Guy would have liked to take back the oar himself, but he had a nervous shyness about appearing to intrude, so returned it with a brief note addressed to Miss Dormer, thanking her for the loan. He much desired to renew his acquaintance with this charming young lady, but even if he met her on the river—and where else could he meet her?—the most he could do would be to take his cap off, and there was not much satisfaction in that. Besides, she evidently lived in the house she had gone into, so he could easily, later on, find out all about her. And another thing was that next day he was bound to be at the Knightleys, some twelve miles off, where a large party was to meet, so the matter was, as it were, taken out of his hands. Then came his visit to Woodthorp for the water picnic, and after that he would see.

Arrived at the Knightleys, he found the letter that Maynard had sent to him. It was curious that his friend should have seen what he had. All the same, he said to himself, "I'm certain that this wonderful paragon he talks of does not hold a candle to Miss Dormer. However, there's as much chance of my ever coming across her again as there is of Basil's meeting his fair rider." And certainly in his present surroundings, with something for every day's amusement, and plenty of delightful people to consort with, for it was a house, as Oliver Wendell Holmes would quaintly put it, where the women were all brave and the men virtuous, there was quite enough going on to put out of Guy's head all recollections of his morning on the river with Miss Dormer, or whatever her name might be. All the same, she was by no means absent from his thoughts, and comparing her with the women around him, he declared she ranked above them all; and in writing back to Maynard he told him of his own adventure in the punt, and dared to back Miss Dormer against his friend's unknown fair one.

And now there was to be a great picnic. The scene of the function was of course to be a Ruin, sufficiently well preserved to be picturesque, and sufficiently remote to be safe from the noisy revelling of the lower-class holiday-maker. The gathering was a large one, and the day was all it should be; and when the banquet had been discussed, and some had strolled off to smoke, the ladies gradually broke up and joined the men. Guy found, to his surprise, for he had not before noticed her in the large and scattered crowd of people at the lunch, that the lady not far in front of him was the Miss Dormer of the river side. She was sauntering along with some people he did not know,

and he wondered to himself how he could have missed seeing her before. However, here she was, and he was determined to have speech with her ere the party broke up. And now, catching his hostess by herself, he went to her and enquired who was Miss Dormer?

"Miss Dormer! I know no such person. Stay! There is, I now recollect, a dear old lady, a Miss Dormer, who lives in a cottage near Cookham. But she is not here."

"It's not a dear old lady I was referring to," laughed Guy. "Are you sure there is no young Miss Dormer here, Mrs. Knightley?"

"Not to my knowledge; but she may have come with friends, and I can't pretend to know all my guests' names. If you see her, point her out, and I'll introduce you."

"Thanks; I will."

"You understand, we all go back to the Towers, at least all that care to do so; and the proposal is, that after a late sort of supper-dinner, the good people drive home in the moonlight."

"A splendid idea! But what's going on now?"

"Come, let us join them; they have got up a dance under the trees. I wonder who that pretty child is over there?"

"The one garbed in dove colour? Why, she's the very one I mean!"

"I suppose I saw her before, but did not catch her name. I must find out who she is," said his good-natured hostess, "and then introduce you in due form. What is it, Jack?" turning to her husband, who just then came up, and led her away to consult her on some point in connection with the festivities.

Now Guy hardly liked to go up and address Miss Dormer, surrounded as she seemed to be by people who know her. There might be some chaff about the river accident. How could he tell what a girl might not say on the spur of the moment? So he bided his time and contented himself with looking at her as she passed to and fro in the mazes of the country dance. Presently she caught his glance, and with a faint tinge of colour in her cheek, graciously acknowledged his presence. That was enough for Paulett. She recognized him, at any rate, and it now rested with himself to improve the opportunity. He waited till the dance was over, and then claimed her attention. She received him with easy grace, but there was no allusion to the boat scene, and he at once eagerly went on:

"I hope, Miss Dormer, you are going to the Towers later on?"

She gave him a quick glance—"Miss Dormer!"—

"Yes, you know you gave me your name."

She laughed, "I did not think I had done so. But yes, of course, we shall go on to the Towers. And you?"

"I am staying there. I trust you were none the worse for all the trouble I put you to."

"Oh! in the punt. It was quite a pleasant little adventure. I have gone through worse than that."

"But it was a shock," he persisted, "and you might have been injured."

"However, I was not. But here comes the lady who drove me to the picnic, and I must go with her. We shall see each other again perhaps this evening. *Au revoir!*" And so, with a pleasant little nod, she fled away.

The day had died out in measured calm, and the faint winds, heavy with the fragrant odours of the night, had scarce strength enough to turn the leaves of the giant trees that girt the stately mansion. And so the twilight gently stole upon the scene, and the bright full moon rose in a clear and cloudless sky, while a restful peace lay over all the land. And from the house, its many windows on the terrace side all lit up, there streamed as fancy pleased by twos and threes those who had made revel in the day, and now would woo the splendours of the summer night.

Guy had succeeded in the desire of his heart, and not awaiting any further introduction had secured his seat at the supper-dinner close to the one sweet face that was now becoming all the world to him. And when the rest of the assembled company trooped out into the gardens, he urged the lady by his side that they also should venture forth, and see some of the glories of the place by the now fast waning light. The two had descended the terrace steps and were pacing the flowered walk below, when Paulett, stopping at an opening in the covering myrtle-hedge, said to his companion:

"Let me take you down this walk, Miss Dormer, it leads round to the lawn where you can get a charming view of the house."

"Provided it is not too far," she agreed, "for" with pretty confidence, "to tell you the truth, Mr. Paulett, I am just a little tired."

"It really is no distance," he urged, "and you will be glad to have seen what I can show you."

"I am in your hands, only be merciful," she laughed.

He was as good as his word, and they soon found themselves at the point indicated. They were quite alone, for the others had

turned elsewhere, and here two delightful lounge-chairs absolutely invited to repose.

"Now, Mr. Paulett, I know you are dying to smoke, so you have my high permission to commence. What is your speciality, cigars or cigarettes?"

"With your Grace's leave," he returned in the same easy tone of banter, "I shall adhere to the humble cigar;" and at once proceeded to light up.

"What a delightful day I have had!" he began.

"Yes," she rejoined with a pretty *moue*. "I thought at lunch you seemed to be enjoying yourself."

"You mean when I was talking to Miss Ponsonby?"

"Yes, if that is her name;" looking down and poking at the sward with her parasol.

"Well," shortly, "I regret to say, Miss Dormer, your observation was at fault."

"Then when *did* your enjoyment begin?" still without looking up.

"It began, for I happened to glance at my watch, just exactly at twenty-five minutes past three."

"Really! and what was its cause?"

"You wish to know?"

"If you wish to tell me."

"Well, just then, for the first time—please recollect for the first time," with great emphasis,—“I saw a lady I had met before and whom I did not know was at the picnic.”

"How interesting! Was she pretty?" with well-put-on indifference.

"Pretty!" with infinite contempt, "she was much better than merely pretty."

"Oh! I know what that means."

"I don't know that you do, but at any rate I don't think you know what *I* mean."

"How mysterious! But proceed."

"I had only seen this lady once before—" he began.

Here something seemed to have caught in the skirt of the dove-coloured dress, for his listener momentarily turned aside to cast it off.

"But I fear," seeing her attention was abstracted, "this hardly interests you."

"Oh, but it does. Really," she pleaded, half turning to him, her face even yet a little averted. "Will you not tell me the rest?"

"No! I can't beat about the bush. The fact is, Miss Dormer, I recognized you then for the first time, and," he breathlessly went on, "I tried to get a proper introduction, and failed. And then,—and then—"

"And then," laughing merrily, "you took your courage in both hands and came to me. Well, I'm very glad if I have in any way added to your enjoyment."

"When I said good-bye to you that day on the river, I scarcely dared to hope I should meet you again so soon."

"It was a mere chance my coming to day," she replied. "I was staying with the Troubridges, and they insisted on my accompanying them."

"And I trust you have not been disappointed?"

"Oh no," was the frank rejoinder, "I have had a very happy day."

"And you are going to stay on in this part of the country?"

"No, I have to return to my own nest in a few days. You see, I have been away from home and am getting quite out of touch with my own people, and hardly know what their plans are. And you? Do you make a long stay here?"

"No. I'm engaged to go to an old college friend at the end of the week. Perhaps you have met his people, the Davenants?"

"Why, I," with a rapid turn towards him, and then checking herself and changing her voice—"Do you mean the Davenants, of Woodthorp?"

"Yes," was his delighted reply. "How glad I am they are friends of yours! I only know Mark—that is the son. A right good fellow!"

"Well, I think," she said slowly and with some hesitation, "I may say I know them very well."

"And perhaps you too may be of the party?"

"That's a problem of the future, Mr. Paulett. Who can say?"

"It would be too charming if you were there also, Miss Dormer."

"You will have Miss Davenant. I believe there is a Miss Davenant. But, by the way, why do you call me Miss Dormer?"

"And are you not Miss Dormer?"

"What made you think that was my name?"

"Why, you told me to send back the oar to Miss Dormer."

"Yes ; I was staying with her."

"And that is not your name?"

"I did not say so," was the enigmatical reply.

"But why all this mystery? What is your name?"

"My name is—is Audrey."

"I never knew any one of that name. But this, I suppose, is your Christian name?"

"Yes, that is my Christian name. I will not deceive you, sir," she demurely answered.

"And the surname?" he insisted.

"Could you not guess it? You know it's no great compliment to me, to have been with me so much to-day, and not even to know my name."

"Good heaven!" he cried, "I've done all I could to find it out, and, do what I would, I have failed."

"What have you done, tell me?" as if profoundly interested.

"First I understood you were Miss Dormer, and when I asked to be introduced to Miss Dormer, Mrs. Knightley tells me she only knows of a dear old lady called Miss Dormer."

"She is a dear old lady, and my god-mother!"

"Of course," inconsequently, "she must be a dear old thing! However, to go on; then when I pointed you out to her she said she did not know your name but would ascertain. And she walked away, and I've never spoken to her since. And how on earth," he urged, "could I find out your name when there was no one to tell it to me?"

"Very hard on you," she laughed. "But I am going to be harder still, Mr. Paulett. For a certain reason I have, I would rather not tell you my name. Say it's a woman's whim. When do you go to these—oh yes, of course—the Davenants?"

"I shall be there by Monday next, I think."

"Well, I'm going to ask you a favour."

"Granted at once."

"Thanks. It is that you won't in any way try to find out what my name is."

"But why?" he objected, with a puzzled air.

"That's my affair. I have your word?"

"You have," he reluctantly made reply.

"And in return I promise to tell you what you wish before next week is over."

"You will?"

"I will, on my word. And now we must be moving. See! All the carriages are coming round."

They rose, and strolled back to the terrace, and then, seeing his companion safely into her carriage, Guy turned into the house.

Maynard and Paulett had arrived at Woodthorp, and been very heartily welcomed. The other guests who were expected not having yet put in an appearance, and no one but Mark and the old people being *en evidence*, the three friends determined to punt up the river to a spot Davenant knew of—to take their lunch with them, and in fact to have a good time of it. And it was one of those glorious summer days when the river looks its best. The heat, tempered by the merest *souffçon* of a breeze, was just enough to be enjoyable, and yet not too much for exertion, and seeing the punt prepared and the comestibles stowed away, Mark and Guy proposed to show the Londoner how two men accustomed to the work could take a punt up stream. Maynard was quite content to be the passenger, for boating of any sort was not in his line.

"It's a pity," said Mark, "that we have not got any one to amuse you, old man; but we shall be overrun with petticoats to-morrow."

"Thanks," returned Maynard, "I shall do very well. Are there a number of ladies coming?"

"Pretty well. Let me see. There are the two Harrington girls, Lady Bell Gordon, Mrs. Beaufort and her pretty daughter. Those are the pick of the lot, I think."

"And then there is your sister. You have a sister, I think I heard you say?" asked Basil.

"Did I. Yes, of course I have—a sister."

"I hope," said Guy, "there is a strong family likeness, for with all these people——"

"Ah, well," returned Mark, interrupting him, "unfortunately there is none. But we must not stand talking here. Let go the painter, Basil. Are you ready? Then off!"

They went up stream at a great pace, and after over an hour's punting, found themselves in a charming retreat in a back-water, and running the punt up on the sloping bank, staked it securely, and then sat down to a well-earned lunch and a comfortable smoke.

"You two fellows seem awfully silent," said Mark, when they were all fairly ensconced. "What's the matter with you? Anything wrong?"

"It's the calm beauty of the scene that sobers me, Mark," replied Maynard.

"What, Basil, the tired London swell, actually affected by the Thames! Is Saul also among the prophets!"

"You and Guy being the prophets."

"If you will have it so. But Guy seems just as much in the dumps as are you!"

The two guests were lying side by side with their backs to the bank, their host facing them at the opposite side of the punt, and now, having seated themselves, Mark again took up his parable.

"Now, you two fellows! If you have committed a murder, brought out a new novel, or fallen in love, out with it, for here's the man who can give you the best and soundest of advice. What! not a word! Ah, I see what it is! You both have gone and thrown away your young affections."

Maynard made no answer, but attended to the lighting of his pipe; while Paulett laughed a trifle uneasily, and did not seem to care to catch Mark's eye.

"Now, look here, my noble patrons! This sort of thing won't do," remarked Davenant severely. "Here have I got the governor to fill the old house with the prettiest women I could collect, just on purpose for the benefit of you two. And what is the reward I get? That you wish all the lovely fair at Jericho."

"Come, come! Not so bad as that," pleaded Maynard.

"And what do you say, Guy?" asked Mark.

"Perhaps it's only fair to be honest," he replied. "Yes, you are right," starting up with some energy into a sitting posture. "I don't mind confessing I have met one of the sweetest and prettiest girls. And I'm over head and ears in love with her. So there! the murder's out."

"And she?" asked Mark.

"Don't care a brass farthing for me, for all I know. But whatever her feeling for me is, I swear she is lovelier than the loveliest."

"I can't allow that," hotly put in Maynard. "I too have met one whose stately beauty marks her as a Queen wherever she appears. Her charms will yield to none."

"By Jove, you two are far gone! Come, now, suppose you both, without mentioning names, attempt to describe—say Celia and Lucinda—these names will do as well as any others."

"I agree," said Maynard. "I choose Celia, and for all I know

she may be Celia, for the absurdity of it is I have never found out what her name is."

"Very good! You leave me Lucinda. That name will do as well as another. Now describe your fair and I'll follow, and Mark shall decide."

"Hang me if I do! But fire away. You begin, Basil."

"Very good! Celia is not one of your country bread-and-butter misses; she reigns supreme in the Row, of which she is the glory, and in every ball room, where she is the Empress."

"Lucinda," broke in Guy, "I am proud to say, *is* country bred. See her on the river bank, and no one is her compeer. At a picnic she is the life and soul of the party, for she is sweetness and light in one. While as to her voice—but ah! there description fails."

"Celia," said Basil, taking up his tale with a little touch of contempt, "is as eminent as an instrumentalist as she is as a vocalist. Ah, for one more look at that peerless face, and but just one touch of that little hand which rests on your arm for but too brief a second!"

"Away with your crowded ball room and your stifling concerts! Show me Lucinda in the peaceful, summer twilight. To be near her and but to look into those dreamy eyes is verdon the proudest might sigh for."

"Well!" ejaculated Mark. "You have both piled it on pretty hot, I must say. I suppose they are equally good-looking?"

"I know," said Maynard warmly, "Celia has the most splendid gold-brown hair that ever adorned a woman's head; her look is like that of the great Venus of Milo, all sweetness and yet all command; her eyes of deep, soft brown; her complexion beyond what even Leighton can depict."

"I do not pretend," urged Guy, as he gazed into the distance, "that Lucinda poses as a goddess. She is," and here there was a tremor in his voice, "a sweet, simple-minded, charming English maid; unaffected, self-contained—all a happy good girl should be. As to her personal appearance, she so far resembles all you describe your Celia to be, that with the addition of a smile that is a glory in itself, and a figure which is perfection, I can add no more." And he dropped his hand into the cooling tide and looked upon the rippling water.

And so for a second or two there was silence. While they were thus discoursing, two young ladies, clad in white flannel, with straw hats on, and so exactly alike it were hard to tell one

from the other, presently appeared on the bank. Observed at once by Mark, he motioned to them to stop, and silently they stood till the last speaker's voice had died away.

"Of course," presently said Mark aloud, "you would at once recognize the ladies if you saw them?"

An eager affirmation from them both was the response.

"By Jove!" cried Mark, starting up, "there are the girls on the bank. Guy and Basil, my sisters."

Paulett and Maynard started to their feet, but the latter was the first to spring ashore, one of the Miss Davenants now advancing being a little in front of the other. Basil immediately recognized his fair incognita.

"At last, Miss Davenant," he joyously cried, "we meet again!"

"I think you must be mistaken," said the lady, looking puzzled.

"Surely not," he urged. You recollect my being with you as you left the Opera, and my telling you I had seen your horse run away with you in the Row, and to hearing you sing at a concert?"

"I am afraid you take me for some one else. I have not ridden in the Row this season, and I never sung at any concert."

Meanwhile Paulett, not catching the first Miss Davenant's face, which was turned aside, seeing her sister, strode towards her with outstretched hands.

"And this is why you would not tell me your name! I need hardly claim the performance of your promise now."

"But I never saw you before," was the wondering reply "What promise do you refer to?"

"Why you can't forget my nearly drowning you with my punt, my meeting you at the picnic, and my sitting with you in the garden afterwards?" he asked in a tone of blank dismay.

"But I really have never been nearly drowned in a boat, have I, Mark? And I have certainly never met you at any picnic."

The look of surprise on the faces of his friends, who were too intent on the ladies they were speaking with to care or have a thought for anything else, so tickled Mark, who was now beside the quartette, that he sat down and fairly shouted with laughter. Then Guy and Basil, looking up, saw at once how the wonderful resemblance between the sisters had misled them. The two girls could not resist the absurdity of the situation, and at once

the whole party joined in the burst of merriment, and before this had died away, the pairs who had met before were again side by side.

"Mark, you villain!" whispered Maynard, as the Miss Davenants presently found their way to the further end of the punt, "you have worked up for this. Now confess."

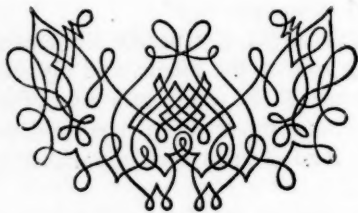
"Of course I did," was the unblushing reply. "A man doesn't have sisters for nothing. They only turned up when you two had gone down to the river, and I heard they had met you, and told them to come here. I risked the chance of either of you failing to recognize the one you had before met."

"And you will allow," insisted Maynard, "that I was right in all I said—that I won the day?"

"Don't imagine I'm going to commit myself. Not such a flat! Doubtless you and Guy are both perfectly right, and if you can get Dulcie and Audrey to your way of thinking, I for one won't forbid the banns. *Vienne que pourra.*"

And at this stage it perhaps may be as well to leave these young people to settle their own future concerns; and if, before the to-morrow's water picnic is over, they agree . . .

ALFRED HARCOURT.



LADY ARTISTS IN PARIS.

TILL comparatively lately, a woman who wished to become an artist in Paris found her way beset with almost insurmountable difficulties, unless indeed she happened to be connected with some painter who was willing to smooth the way by giving her private lessons. Every master had a following of male pupils and desired to found a school. No woman would or could have been admitted into their studio.

Strangely enough, art was more open as a profession to women under the *ancien régime*. The princesses of the house of France were noted for their artistic proclivities. From Marie de Medicis, who presented her portrait done by her own hand to Philippe de Champagne, to the daughters of Louis XV., whose quaint studies of still-life can still be found in old French provincial châteaux, nearly every *grande dame* seems to have learnt painting from the noted artists of their epoch.

The Académie Royale de Peinture, founded in 1648, counted, first and last, fifteen women among its members. Catherine Duchemin, wife of the sculptor Girardon; Geneviève and Madeleine Boulogne, who painted together many of the panels above the doors in the Louis XIV. apartments at Versailles; Elizabeth Sophie Cheron, portrait painter, engraver, musician, and poetess (she translated the Psalms into French verse, and became a member of the University of Bologna); Anne Stresor, whose 'Guide to Miniature Painting' remains one of the literary curiosities of the 18th century, an idea of its style may be derived from the following recipe: "Pour faire un Christ mort. Il faut prendre de l'outremer, du carmin, et un peu d'ocre jaune; duquel mélange, mis dans beaucoup d'eau, vous glacerez tout le corps . . ." *Et nunc pictores, erudimini!*

Catherine Perrot; Dorothee Massé; Rosa Alba Carriera, the fair Italian whose charming pastels created such a furor under

the Regency; Marguerite Haverman, elected under false pretences, owing to her having presented a picture done by Van Huysum, her master, as being her own work; Marie-Thérèse Reboul; Madame Roslin, sometimes called the feminine Latour; Anne Vallayer; Madame Terbusch, a German artist; Madame Guyard, who was practically Court painter during the latter half of the 18th century, and her great rival, Madame Vigée Lebrun, one of the cleverest portrait-painters France has ever produced.

But the venerable Académie Royale de Peinture disappeared together with many other worthy institutions which went under in the turmoil of the great Revolution. In '93 the Institute was created under the protection of the State, and several of the members of the former Society joined, but one of the first new rules made, was that no woman should henceforth be eligible for election to that august assembly. Whatever may be said to the contrary, certain it is that in almost every circumstance of life and work, French women have always been treated with more courtesy and fairness under a masculine form of government embodied in Le Roy than under the petticoat rule of Madame la République.

Under the Directoire, Hortense Beauharnais set the fashion among her mother's ladies of taking lessons from Prudhom and Isabey, a lithograph of the First Consul signed, "*Hortense de l'Augsbourg*, 1822," remains as a specimen of her skill. Under the Restoration, the Duchesse de Berri seems to have been taught flower-painting by a certain Madame Hautebourg; but of all the royal ladies who had ever cultivated art, Marie d'Orléans is the greatest and worthiest example. She was the favourite pupil of Ary Scheffer, who always rigidly refused to teach where talent seemed to him to be lacking. Working quietly at her little studio at Neuilly, she created the "Jeanne d'Arc" which at once became, and has remained, the popular incarnation of France's peasant heroine. There was a grand simplicity and purity in all her work, albeit intensely human. Small reproductions in plaster, wood and stone, of her "Jeanne" are to be found in countless French homes. After her marriage to the Duke of Würtemberg, she was persuaded to put aside her art for a time, but when dying, the old longing seized her, and she asked for a pencil. After a few fruitless efforts, she let it fall, saying, "The time has gone by, see, my hands are stiffening, and I must give it up." She was more appreciated and understood

after death than she had been in life, and it was to her that Alfred de Musset wrote the lines beginning :

"Alors ces nobles mains
Qui du travail lassées
Ne prenaient de repos
Que le temps de prier."

With the exception of Madame de Mirbelle, who was unrivalled as a miniature-painter, there was a singular dearth of women artists in the first part of this century. Although something remains to show the exquisite delicacy and finish of her work, Madame de Mirbelle used some medium which caused her carmines to fade, and her whites to become discoloured, and the numerous specimens of her art which can be seen in the Louvre have lost much that constituted their former charm—rich, pure colouring, and depth of tone. Her mantle fell on the pretty shoulders of Madame Herbelin, who painted most of the beauties of the Imperial Court, including the Empress Eugénie when she was still Mademoiselle de Montijo. Miniature-painting was supposed to be a peculiarly feminine form of art, but every obstacle was thrown in the way of any woman who wished to become a painter. There was literally no studio in Paris where lady students could study under the eye of a master, excepting by taking private lessons at a prohibitive expense. Rosa Bonheur overcame this difficulty by going straight to Nature ; but every woman gifted with a sense of form and colour has not the energy of Rosa Bonheur.

Charles Chaplin was the first artist who opened his studio to women, and although there was naturally on the part of his pupils a tendency to imitate from afar his peculiar frothy style, he certainly helped to make some remarkable lady artists. The list of the women who achieved fame as his pupils is a long one : Nelly Jacquemart, whose admirable political portraits formed, for the time being, a style of art, "Genre Nelly Jacquemart ;" Henriette Brown, of whose "Grandmère," exhibited in 1861, Saint Victor wrote, "*Un joyau de finesse et de sentiment, quelque chose comme une larme change en perle*" : and Madeleine Coll (Madame Lemaire), who, entering his studio at the age of fourteen, exhibited two years later, in 1864, a portrait of her grandmother, the Baroness Habert, for which she would have obtained a *première classe* medal, had it not been that no provision had been made for giving such a reward for the work of

so young an artist. M. Chaplin's pupils have always been enthusiastic in their praises of his style and method of teaching. He discouraged their attempting to do anything but strictly original work, and preferred a bold and vigorous study of the nude to a perfect rendering of the small boudoir etceteras which went to make up the spurious art of the Third Empire. He has often been heard to say that long after Charles Chaplin's name is forgotten, that of one or two of his lady students will survive, "My only claim to fame will be that of having been their master!"

Seeing the success which attended Chaplin's ladies' studio, his brother artists began timidly to follow suit. Carolius Duran, Bonnat, Dubufe, and Cabamel, were among the first to admit women among their pupils, but owing to many circumstances, not the least of which was the large fees demanded by the masters, the number of women art-students in Paris was necessarily limited. Then, in the year '56 arose M. Julian.

It may, or it may not be true that M. Julian has hitherto been the Warwick of the Salon Jury, and with the aid of his two thousand old pupils, decided whose pictures were to be admitted to the galleries of the Palais d'Industrie. There may have been a very strong clique who believed in and voted for Julian, his students, and his masters. There has certainly been a very strong coalition against him. In any case, women artists owe him a great debt of gratitude. Of the seventeen Julian studios distributed over Paris, seven are given over to ladies. There had long been a demand; he created the supply. When founding the studios, Julian evidently dreamed of a free school, where each could study when he liked, where he liked, and what he liked, still-life or model, with or without the aid given by a master's counsel; but as time went on, his original plan altered, and he made up his mind to organize a regular *service d'artistes*. Among those whose attendance he has managed to secure twice a week, were Bouguereau, Jules Lefebvre, Benjamin Constant, Robert Fleury, and Chapu for sculpture, names which it is sufficient to quote to explain the success he has achieved.

The jovial Auvergnac would be the first to acknowledge that he does not endorse the cynical saying of some great art critic, "Il faut encourager les arts, et décourager les artistes."

In the Ateliers Julian there is complete liberty; the student chooses her own masters, comes when she likes and goes when she pleases. A fresh model is provided every day. If you wish

to learn to paint, bring your easel, put it in a convenient place, and try and copy the model placed before you. Twice a week one of the great artists of the day spends a couple of hours in the studio looking at the work, pointing out defects, and giving advice. Admirable as this system has been for men—the list of distinguished artists who have studied at Julian's would fill pages—it has been far more admirable where women students were concerned, and enabled many, who could not afford to pay the prices asked by M. Chaplin and his brother artists, to work their way to a fair competence, if not to fame.

The studios presided over by Julian are opened every day excepting Sundays. On Monday morning the models are chosen for the coming week. Those students who arrive first take the best positions, and retain them till the next Saturday evening. The *massière*, a kind of artistic pupil teacher, who wields what little authority M. Julian deposes over the studio, has the right of "posing" the model every day, and of settling any small disputes that may arise as to precedence of positions.

On Thursdays and Saturdays come the much expected and sometimes dreaded visit of the Professor whose month it happens to be for that particular studio. Of course every artist has his own *genre* and method of teaching, but the same course is followed by all. It is very simple. The artist walks from picture to picture, followed by the students, criticising each in turn, but rarely touching the canvas criticised.

Tony Robert Fleury is the favourite master, extremely courteous and good-natured; he seldom, if ever, utters a harsh criticism. Where praise is due, he praises lavishly, and contents himself with pointing out where the sketch is out of drawing, or the colour crude and false, yet his students make more progress than those of any other artist connected with Julian's studios. It has often been said that if the ladies' vote settled the question, *le beau Fleury* would be elected unanimously to the post of President in both the Salons.

Jules Levebre criticises little, but never praises, and is feared by his students.

Bouguereau admires in others the very opposite qualities which distinguish his own work. "Faire large et simple" is his advice, and anything like imitation of his own style finds but little sympathy from him. This is so well understood, that during the month in which his visits occur the whole character of the work done in the studio is altered to suit the master's

taste, for if the study be not to his liking, he will exclaim sharply, "Mademoiselle, il faut faire du plâtre," a sentence calculated to fill with terror the budding painter.

Boulangier is very popular, and often comes in during the week to see how his young ladies are getting on. He also occasionally works on the pupils' own canvas, a method often pursued with excellent results by Carolus Duran, and in other private studios, yet, for some reason, not considered the right thing to do by any of the Julian professors.

But the lady students at Julian's *ateliers* would be nowhere without Julian; albeit, a poor artist, he is an excellent master, and spends his time literally rushing about from one studio to another. This undoubtedly contributes greatly to the success of his establishments. No one ever knows when *ce bon Père Julian* may appear on the threshold; he is always welcome, and his advice considered more valuable than that of any of the professors. A great believer in thorough work, he is fond of making the students do single studies of the hand, the eye, or the nose, saying, with some reason, that *l'ensemble* is always comparatively easy, and that too often important details are overlooked in the artist's desire to produce a good general impression. Benjamin Constant must be a great thorn in Julian's side, for he preaches the exact opposite, *i.e.* that details always right themselves with a little ordinary care, *l'ensemble* being everything in a work of art.

The student going to Paris will be disappointed during her first visit to one of Julian's now celebrated *ateliers*. Everything is coldly business-like. With the exception of a few drawings and studies hung on the whitewashed walls, there is nothing to indicate that we are not in an ordinary workroom; even the plaster casts are absent, or, rather, hidden behind a curtain. No. 27, Passage de Panoramé, is the show studio; but that of the Rue de Berri, being in many ways more characteristic, on that account merits description.

First comes the antechamber full of the hats, cloaks, shawls, and luncheon-baskets of nearly a hundred pupils, belonging to every nationality and rank, though, among the foreigners, perhaps the Americans predominate. The huge studio is divided into three portions by thick, dark curtains, which are never drawn back but on rare occasions for a fête or concert. In the section devoted to the *académie* (drawing from life) class, the model is placed on a table, and the students are grouped round in a circle,

so that each may obtain a good view ; those nearest do a study of the head, those further off, *l'ensemble*. In the interval between 12 and 1, allowed for luncheon, the French pupils are called for by their maids or mothers, and go home for the hour, but the majority picnic in the studio itself, some working right through the time. No man, with the exception of M. Julian and the Professor, is admitted, under any pretence whatsoever, into the studio. This concession to French notions of propriety obliges the father and brother of a girl-student to wait outside in the street, whilst a message is being delivered in the studio itself.

Hard work is the rule, not the exception, at the Rue de Berri. M. Julian, whose whole heart is bound up in this, his life work, is very ambitious where his students are concerned. A prize of one hundred francs is given every month for the best sketch taken from life, and he always encourages even a premature attempt to get into the Salon. With the exception of the proprietor's flying visits, which, it must be remembered, are distributed over seventeen studios situated in every quarter of Paris, the students are left very much to themselves. At the Rue de Berri they have the advantage of a remarkably clever *massière*, Madame Robin, who helps the students in every way in her power, translating the lessons given by the Professor to the English and Americans who do not understand the technicalities of the French language. Students may come for the half-day or the whole day. The half-day terminates at 12 o'clock ; the whole day at 6.

In the above, the Ateliers Julian have been described in the best light. There is, of course, the reverse side of the shield. For one thing, M. Julian demands a double fee from women, and only gives them in exchange half the teaching received by the men working in his studios. The reason for this is not far to seek. L'Ecole des Beaux Arts offers gratuitous instruction to any who care to avail themselves of it, so that the fees must be low to tempt them away from the Government schools. Women, on the other hand, have no choice, and must pay for tuition in any case. It is also said, probably with some truth, that the only way to succeed with Julian is to become a loyal devotee of the Julian monarchy. A kind master, but a bitter enemy, he exceedingly dislikes any student working under another master than those certified by himself when frequenting one of his studios. As to the charge, frequently made against him, of "running" the Salon, and placing his own pupils' inferior work

on the line, the same thing has been said about every powerful master from Chaplain to Meissonier. Three or four years of the Atelier Julian leaves on an artist a mark which is too easily observed in his or her work. According to some of the best and most impartial English and French art-critics, a little Julian goes a long way, and a year spent in his studio will probably teach all that can be learnt with profit there. It is only fair to add that, among his former pupils, Julian can boast of such artists as Louise Abema, one of the most successful French painters of the day, whose remarkable and brilliant study of Japanese life and colour, entitled "Le Japon," was one of the pictures which redeemed the utter mediocrity of this year's Salon; Mlle. Belinska, the portrait-painter and pastellist, whose work has been so often admired at the Mirlitons Exhibition; Mlle. Beaury Saurel, *massière* at the Passage des Panoramas, whose vigorous portraits of political celebrities, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire and M. Constans, caused her to be sometimes styled the successor of Nelly Jacquemart; Mlle. Breslau, an excellent artist, who, with Madame Lemaire, shares the honour of being the only lady *sociétaires* of the new Société des Beaux Arts; not to mention amongst clever amateurs Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who studied a long while at the *atelier* with the sculptor Chapu; Princess Ghica, the sister of Queen Nathalie of Servia; Mlle. Brandes, of the Comédie Française; and last, not least, the brilliant young Russian girl, whose new famous journal has familiarised "Julian's" to the whole French and English reading world, and made the studio fashionable with a certain class of would-be artists.

Among the minor ladies' studios suggested, if not started, in imitation of the Ateliers Julian, those owned by Collo Rossi have the most vogue. Having started life as a model, but with a keen business faculty, he saw all that Julian was going to achieve, and deliberately set himself to imitate, and, if possible, to improve upon his system. He secured some excellent artists to go round his studio three times a week, and as the fees are much lower, those to whom strict economy is an object, attend his *atelier*, and profess themselves quite satisfied with the way the teaching, &c., is conducted. Everything is done on strictly commercial principles. Collo Rossi himself has no pretence to be an artist, but has more influence with the Salon clique than he is willing to admit, and will probably end by becoming as famous as Julian himself.

Lazare's studio, situated in the Rue de Baugirard, though smaller and less pretentious than those of his great rival, is extremely well adapted for serious work. All the teaching is done by the proprietor himself, and with excellent results, judging by his student work. So great is his genius for artistic tuition, that three months spent in his studio are said to advance a student more than a year spent under any other master.

M. Aublet, one of the pillars of the Salon Meissonier, receives in his charming studio at Passy a certain number of lady students. He differs from most of the artists who have opened classes for ladies in connection with their work, inasmuch that he recommends open-air studies, and enables the students to practise what he preaches. In his beautiful wooded garden one might fancy oneself a hundred miles from Paris, and the *atelier* is built out into his garden. The model remains all day, the pupil who arrives first having the privilege of choosing the pose. Owing to the comparatively small size of his studio, everything passes *en famille*, and the master works with his pupils. M. Aublet's *Fête Dieu*, a brilliant finished piece of painting, full of light and colour, representing a life-sized group of girls gathering roses in a garden, will be remembered by every one who visited the Champs de Mars this spring. His work is sometimes thought to be theatrical, but acknowledged to be extremely true to nature. "Clignez les yeux" is his advice to those pupils who have studied in England. According to the Aublet theory, a picture ought to be made up almost entirely with masses of colour. He strongly disapproves of any attempt at gradation of colour, and thinks that there is in light and shade quite enough differences perceptible to give a true imitation of nature. Whenever it is possible, the whole class emigrates into the garden. The model stands on the lawn; the students disperse themselves, and all try to render the atmosphere according to the master's approved method. In case of a shower, the rose-bushes are covered with a number of old umbrellas kept for the purpose. The model is sent in-doors for a few minutes, whilst M. Aublet discourses upon the beautiful effect of light and shade provided by the rain. His fees are the same as at Julian's; but he prefers, when it is possible, to be the student's first master, and frankly acknowledges that he prefers to teach unhampered by the thought that some other artist is sharing the instruction of his pupil.

Dagnan Bouvret, whose wonderful painting of a Breton Pardon won him last year's gold medal, receives a few ladies

into his studio. It is said, however—I do not know with what truth—that he dislikes teaching, and seldom favours his pupils with his advice or criticism ; still there is no doubt that to work under such a master must be in itself an artistic education. He has joined the New Society, but is only represented at the second Salon by a couple of sketches done last autumn in Algiers.

C. Thomas has a small but choice studio where flower-painting is made a speciality. His fees are thought by many to be prohibitive to any but wealthy amateurs, yet much admirable work is done by his pupils every year.

Till quite lately water-colours were held in no esteem abroad. There was a general feeling that *l'aquarelle* was an amusing form of art, only fit for holiday sketches, a pretty, lady-like accomplishment. As runs the old studio saw :

“ La peinture à l'huile
C'est bien difficile,
Mais c'est beaucoup plus beau
Que la peinture à l'eau ! ”

But a great change has come over public feeling of late years, and led to the founding of the important Société des Aquarellistes ; this has been greatly due to Madame Madeleine Lemaire, the niece of Madame Herbien, the miniaturist. Originally one of M. Chaplin's most distinguished pupils, she was supposed to excel as a portrait-painter, but it was only in the year of the war, whilst staying at Dieppe with her family, that some English friends gave her a box of English water-colours, and that she discovered her true vocation. Alexandre Dumas fils saw some of her first *aquarelles* in an artist's shop where they were being framed, and was so struck by the power and beauty of the work that he commissioned the shopman to try and persuade the lady who had painted them to sell him one of them. Since that time Madame Lemaire's fame has grown year by year, and fantastic prices are paid for her slightest sketches and flower studies. Lately she has taken again to figure-painting, and was asked by Goupil, the great French art-publishers, to provide the coloured illustrations to the *édition de luxe* of Halévy's *Abbé Constantin*. A most prolific artist, a good deal of her work can be seen at the Pastelist Exhibition held yearly in the Galerie Georges Petit. She has just finished illustrating Paul Hervey's novel “*Flirt !*” in which the illustrations bid fair to be very superior to the letter-press. Rarely exhibiting at the Salon, she

was one of the first to give her attention to Meissonier, and is represented at the Champs de Mars by the study of a reclining figure entitled "Sleep." Her daughter, Mlle. Suzanne Lemaire, bids fair to follow in her mother's footsteps, and exhibits in the same gallery two fine water-colours.

Mlle. Aline Billet is thought to be Rosa Bonheur's successor. Taught by her own father, himself a distinguished animal painter, her work is characterised by great vigour and power. She has worked almost entirely in the open air. She will probably have a great future. With the exception of Roll, she has no rival among modern French artists.

Alfred Stevens counts among his students Mlle. d'Aletham, also a member of the New Society, and a most distinguished artist. Though Flemish by nationality, she has studied in Paris, and exhibits at the Champs de Mars.

Mlle. Leerobbins, though an American, must take her place amongst French lady artists. Formerly *massière* in Carolus Duran's studio, her work can hardly be distinguished from that of her master.

But of all lady artists now in France, Madame Demont Breton, the daughter and pupil of the veteran Jules Breton, has turned out the most remarkable and virile work. Two years ago, her study of Breton life entitled "*L'homme est en mer*" was received with loud exclamations of surprise and approval by the jury and ran M. Dagnan Bouvret's other Breton picture very close. The power of Madame Demont Breton's work lies in her quick intuitive sympathy with the *déshérités de la terre*, coupled, of course, with great technical knowledge. The fisher-wife, sitting in the firelight with her baby asleep on her lap whilst her husband is at sea, has probably often been treated, but in this lady's rendering of the scene there was something quite apart. *Loti en peinture*, some one called it, and one could imagine no fitter frontispiece to "*Pêcheurs d'Islande*," or "*Mon frère Yves*."

It is impossible to give anything like a comprehensive list of the best French lady artists. There may, however, be mentioned Mlle. de Hem, the flower-painter; Madame Pauline Dabron, whose studies of still-life are a feature to the old Salon; Madame Cazim, pupil of her husband; Madame Thérèse Swartz, an excellent portrait-painter, with a great gift for painting children; Madame Beslard, whose style resembles in no way that of her husband; Madame Roth; Madame Muraton, the miniaturist; Mlle. Romain, a pupil of Henlaer; Madame Weneretta Singer,

whose portrait of Barrias attracted much attention at the Champs de Mars ; Madame Ribot ; Madame Fanny Lescure, whose flowers are a feature at the Aquarellistes ; Mlle. Hildebrand, who works in chalks ; Mlle. Rozaman ; and among the younger ladies, Mlle. Godin, who won last year's Marie Bashkirtseff's prize, &c.

Whether the lady students of the present will develop later into being such excellent artists as their precursors have proved to be in the past is a moot question. The Julian and Collo Rossi system has caused most of the best-known artists to close their *ateliers* again to women. They find it more lucrative and agreeable to devote a morning twice a week to go round one of the larger collective studios than to have the responsibility of an *atelier de dames*, and so the lady art student is obliged, willy-nilly, to go through the mill, and cannot give herself up for study under any one master. No girl ought to think of going to Paris to study art who has not acquired the rudiments of the French language. She will learn far more by staying at home and attending ordinary art classes. Though the *massière* is supposed to translate the lesson, she often knows even less of English than the pupil does of French, and not one French artist in ten knows a word of another language than his own. It is pitiable to see a clever English or American student losing instead of gaining ground from her lack of understanding the Professor's remarks and counsels.

Another mistake that foreign art-students fall into is that of overworking whilst in Paris. The time seems so precious, and is really money to many of them. The result is that, what with the strange food and perpetual application, a large percentage fall ill, and have to go home ignominiously, carrying away only uncertain memories of their winter in Paris. There are a certain number of *pensions*, which purport to be specially organized with a view to art students, but the list of advantages offered must be taken *cum grano*. Especially beware of a house to which is attached a studio.

Miss Leigh, among the many other useful institutions she has started for the benefit of her young countrywomen, opened a short time ago a boarding-house for English students, managed on the most economical and business-like principles. Students meaning to make some stay in Paris often try and make an arrangement with some French family. This is a mistake. No respectable French family ever dreams of taking in a boarder.

The average Frenchwoman, whatever her rank in life, would much rather be without a servant than admit a stranger into her home. This cannot be too clearly stated. There are exceptions to every rule ; but the English girl who has made arrangements by correspondence with a *soi-disant* French family will probably find herself in a half-German, English, or American house, full of people who are willing to talk anything but French, and moving in a world where every nationality but France is represented.

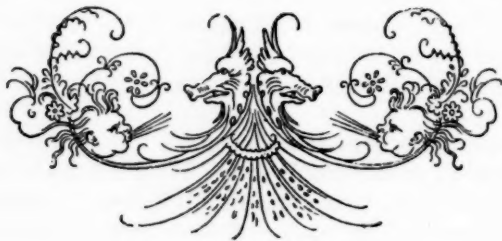
The advantages of spending a year in a foreign studio are sufficiently obvious. Women of all nationalities gather to Paris, and their study is organized so that very thorough teaching of a technical kind can be obtained at a comparatively moderate cost, and drawing is severely insisted on. It is quite a mistake to think that foreign study and foreign work are superficial ; whatever the French girl learns is usually more thoroughly acquired than the corresponding accomplishment in England. Domestic proficiency in music is carried far higher in Paris than in London, and for artists the Conservatoire is a school of unrivalled excellence. The French girl not only dresses and dances better than her English sister, but her handwriting is severely modelled on the prevalent notion of what is legible and becoming. To do thoroughly well whatever you undertake is the unwritten law of the land, and the consequence is that the Salon each year displays a good average of work by female artists.

But perhaps the high level of good technical achievement does not tend to favour originality. When forty years ago two well-known English "art students in Munich" gained unexpected admittance to the studio of the immortal Kaulbach, they enjoyed a splendid opportunity which is denied to the modern worker. The great painters no longer receive women-pupils ; they are highly paid to go twice a week round the art schools, and their own studios are filled by male students. The universal middleman has taken possession of the artist world, and has organized it so as to obtain a big commission.

To go to a foreign country in search of teaching has one incontestable advantage. The student is set free from the trammels of daily life, can start early in the morning, and unwisely consume the midnight oil. New associates, new ideas, new methods, must do something to stimulate the imagination. But in Paris, even more than in London, the art school has become a mill, grinding out its quota of yearly talent. Those

who cannot cross the water may console themselves with the reflection that Reynolds and Gainsborough, and Morland and Turner, were home-bred boys, and that England is warranted in waiting hopefully for the woman who may be to Art what those who bore the names of Austen, Eliot, and Browning, were to the sisterhood of the pen.

MARIE ADELAIDE BELLOC.



THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF CYCLING.

THE visitors to the Royal Military Exhibition, who have been fortunate enough to see the Cycling corps of the Royal Marines drilled in the arena, must have been interested in no common measure. We are living in an age of incessant changes and improvements: the scientific toy of to-day is an instrument of incalculable value to all mankind to-morrow; and the developments going on in every art are such, that a mere hint is heard one year that something may take place some day, and the next thing is that the invention is made and in general use. How the Peninsular veterans would have stared could they have seen a body of military cyclists! I saw Crimean men rubbing their eyes with amazement at the evolutions of that handful of Royal Marine Cyclists, and I fear some were disposed to laugh. Now I will not say that all soldiers will one day, and that not a distant one, use cycles, but all will undoubtedly be taught to use them, and infantry battalions will have a large complement of machines. This is absolutely certain.

Tricycles or, at any rate, cycles of some sort have been in use for very many years—how many, I do not pretend to say. It is only of late that they have been made so light, easy, and comfortable, as to be available on all roads. When living in Dublin I, for the first time, saw bicycles, which were exciting the astonishment and merriment of the light-hearted inhabitants of that city, and I can remember watching with intense interest riders going at the rate, it was estimated, of fourteen miles an hour in Stephen's Green; but at that time it was confidently asserted that only a very active man here and there would ever ride them, and then only for amusement. The following year, when I first came into residence at Oxford, in the summer of 1870, I made the acquaintance of a clergyman still living, Mr. Charsley, one of the tutors of St. Mary's Hall; he had been a civil engineer in early life, though, after taking Orders,

he retained much affection for his former calling. He had invented a *velociman*, as he called it, using for the purpose many ingenious contrivances, but it was a rather cumbrous and very heavy machine, worked by the hands. It required severe labour to propel it, and rapid movement was almost impossible unless with very severe exertion. I often tried it between Keble and the Natural Science Museum, but the labour always taxed me. The *velociman* is still manufactured in small numbers, though it has not come into general use, nor will it, I fear, ever do so.

My friend, the Rev. R. A. Chudleigh, a steady-going tricyclist, who finds the comfort of a good machine to get to and from his lovely rectory, has very kindly put together some admirable hints for beginners.

"Most of what is written on cycling seems addressed to one or other of two extremes—the mighty athlete, or the health-seeking convalescent. The following hints are intended for beginners, whose skill and strength are neither more nor less than ordinary. Most of the rules, such as to go slowly round a corner, may be left to common sense; but there are a few catches in which the danger does not strike one beforehand, but is usually learnt by disagreeable experience, though easily avoided if indicated previously. The time of chief peril is when going fast down hill; if the brake power be insufficient, or the steering gear get disorganized, and yet one *must* pull up because of some danger in the way, it should be remembered that one can almost always pull up dead by dropping everything, and laying one's hands and arms on the tyres of the two wheels. This plan need only be adopted when matters are serious, and the choice seems to lie between a skinned hand and a cracked skull.

"When going down hill lean forward, if the steering-wheel be in front, but lean backward if behind, so as to throw the weight on the steering-wheel, for, unless that wheel has a firm hold of the ground, a cycle at full speed does not follow its guidance, especially when loose stones or inequalities of the road toss up the steering-wheel, so that it makes long bounds in the air. When going fast down hill, a sudden jolt will often throw the feet off the treadles, which, if revolving rapidly, are not easily caught again. Do not attempt to catch them, lest the attention, becoming concentrated on the treadles, be diverted from the steering, the consequence being that the cycle, as quick as thought, deviates into the ditch. On losing the treadles, put

the feet on the rest and apply the brake, but keep the attention fixed on the steering. A very fertile source of spills is looking back over the shoulder, for the hand unconsciously turns with the head, and the cycle charges at the fence on the same side as the shoulder over which one is looking. I have observed all these to be causes of accidents ; there may be others, but, except the self-evident ones, I have not observed them.

"The length of run which is safe for a lady should be measured by her own sensations rather than by miles. On a smooth road with a fair wind, the exertion required is almost nothing. But with a rough road and a head wind, the resistance is great, and progress is like ploughing. Now, a lady's chief aim in cycling should be to avoid over-exertion or painful strain. Directly she feels distress, especially near the base of the spine, she has done too much. Ladies must remember that their peculiar peril in cycling is overstrain, and any attempt at performing feats or breaking records is likely to end in breaking something far more valuable than a record. With beginners the fatigue-point is soon reached, especially in the knees ; but as use and practice advance, the fatigue-point indefinitely recedes.

"In choosing a lady's tricycle, I would make some sacrifice of speed to secure an equivalent gain in power. What is called a good climber is to be preferred ; not that a lady should aim at working up steep hills ; it is good economy both for herself and her machine that she should dismount and push, if the ascent be at all stiff ; but a good climber implies great lever-power, and it is a law of mechanics that a gain in power means a loss in speed ; and it is far more important for a lady that her tricycle should run easily than rapidly.

"I should hesitate to recommend any maker by name, but I can suggest the far better plan of hiring various tricycles for an occasional day or hour, and thus finding by actual trial which pattern combines most advantages. As to the saddle, I cannot believe that for man or woman perinæal pressure can be other than injurious. From the anatomical standpoint, the narrow saddle seems to me wholly indefensible. The ischial bones, and not the perinæal structures, are designed by nature to support our weight ; wherefore I advise that, at any rate for ladies, the popular saddle be discarded in favour of a broad seat.

"With regard to clothing, as in all active exercise, flannel should be worn next the skin. The dress must not be full, and need not be inordinately long if tapes be used. I recently saw a

lady on a tricycle, and another lady on a horse, careering in the neighbourhood of Onslow Square, and I must confess that the cyclist was, from every point of view, the neater, the more graceful, and the more elegant. I would also say drink, if you are thirsty. There is no virtue whatever in a parched throat, not the least need to endure the miseries of thirst, which sanitarians, afflicted with water-horror, prefer to drinking ; at the same time, one can easily train oneself either to drink water excessively, or to do a great deal of hot work on wonderfully little fluid replenishment."

The improvement in the lightness of machines has been remarkable while the wheels have been made much smaller. Bicycles weighing only 30 lbs. are now commonly made, and I have seen circulars lately setting forth that good racers can be got weighing only 17 lbs. Dr. Richardson told me last October that he was using a tricycle weighing only 50 lbs., and yesterday I bought one of the same weight. There is no difficulty in making such machines ; though some riders fancy that they are too light and weak for the wear and tear of ordinary roads, and are not to be recommended. This, I think, is a mistake when really tough material is used. From 60 to 70 lbs. is a fair average weight, and no great effort is needed to propel such tricycles along all but the roughest and hilliest roads.

A great modern step was the introduction of ball-bearings, that is, of tiny steel balls, working in double grooves, and reducing friction to a notable extent. Wherever parts of a machine move upon one another ball-bearings can be used, and even the pedals can be fitted with them ; indeed, the application of balls to the pedals is now becoming general. Among the many lessons which our enterprising Transatlantic cousins have taught us is the importance of making machines with every part convertible, that is of precisely the same size—in other words, every part must be turned out by the same machinery—the result being that the several parts can be fitted together with trifling trouble and expense, and when any portion is worn out or injured, it can be replaced by another or corresponding portion in a few minutes, much as in the manufacture of guns and rifles. This great improvement is carried out in perfection at all first-class factories, and simplifies the making and repair of cycles. Another important matter, in these days of racing and of dangerously high speed, is the marvellous toughness and strength of the materials used by the best firms for their most expensive

machines ; I have recently been shown spokes of cold-drawn hardened steel, which could scarcely be bent by the hands of a powerful man, their resistance was so great ; while inferior spokes, although actually thicker and heavier, bent like stout copper wire between the fingers.

As for its relation to health little need be said. Any one who can walk upstairs or climb the most gentle elevation, can tricycle, even if he cannot bicycle ; effort, there is practically none, and Dr. Richardson's estimate that a mile on foot or three on horseback is more fatiguing than six on a cycle, is hardly an exaggeration. Indeed with the recent unparalleled advances in cycle manufacture one might say that on good roads a mile on foot or three on an easy horse, would fatigue one more than nine or ten on a first-rate cycle.

As an instance of what can be done I venture to reproduce a paper I saw some time ago, and which Mr. Alfred Nixon read before the Society of Cyclists ; it is of great interest as showing what can be accomplished by a man of average condition in good health and without special training. I cannot, however, advise my readers to follow in the author's steps. He says, "The idea of riding from Land's End to John O'Groats first occurred to me in the summer of 1882. I started upon the journey on August 31st. I was the first tricyclist who had ever undertaken this ride. I had to make out all the roads as I went along, and to take them for better or worse as they came. I rode a 'Premier' tricycle, the weight of which, with my luggage, was 110 lbs., a very great weight considering how light we have got machines now, and this made a great difference to my progress in subsequent journeys, as will appear presently in very decisive fashion. The whole distance I covered in this first ride was 1007 miles. I rode at the rate of five miles an hour, including stoppages, and the time taken up was fourteen days. Out of these fourteen days I rode 224 hours, and rested 112. Dividing 112 by 14 would give an average rest of eight hours a day, which may be considered a fair quantity, and a good deal of this, no doubt, was spent in sleep, but not all. Perhaps about six hours' actual sleep would be a fair average. I should add that nine days out of the fourteen were wet, making the roads very heavy and the work severe.

"In 1883, again in the month of August, I took my second long ride, but not so long as the previous one. This time I rode from London to John O'Groats. The distance was 750 miles.

I had a 'Sparkbrook' tricycle, and carried 17 lbs. less weight than on the previous journey. I rode at the rate of five and a quarter miles an hour, including stops, and made an average of eighty-four miles a day. I did the journey in nine days, riding 144 hours and resting seventy-two. Seventy-two divided by nine will show that I again took eight hours' rest per day of twenty-four hours, which would again mean about six hours' sleep per day.

"My third ride was in 1884, once more in August, and extended from Land's End to John O'Groats. This time I rode an 'Imperial Club,' the weight of which, with luggage, was 90 lbs. The distance was 865 miles, and the time occupied was eight days and a half, at a pace of about six miles an hour, including stoppages. I covered the ground at the rate of 101 miles a day. I rode 140 hours, and rested about sixty-four; this divided by these figures would again give eight hours' rest and six hours' sleep per day. I stop here to say that the carriage of less weight made a considerable difference in the work, and gave me pretty well a mile an hour over and above what I got out of the machine which I used in my first ride.

"In the same year and in the same month I took my fourth journey—a shorter ride—from London to Edinburgh. This time I went on an 'Imperial Club,' and the weight carried was reduced to 80 lbs. The distance covered was 400 miles, at a pace of about seven and three-quarter miles an hour, or 132 miles a day. I was in the saddle about fifty-three hours, and rested between seventeen and eighteen hours. Eighteen hours divided by three days (for it was three days within an hour), gives six hours per day for rest, of which from four to five would be spent in sleep—a considerable reduction on the previous journeys. The pace greatly improved in this ride, as it increased from five to seven and three-quarters, or, calculating by the day, from seventy-two to 132 miles per day. I attribute this almost exclusively to the saving of weight in the machine. There was a saving of 25 lbs. over the first machine, and it seems to me that, by lightening the machine still more, we could get a reduction in a similar proportion. In addition to this, the muscles are saved a great deal of fatigue, and less sleep is in consequence required.

"My last ride was, on the whole, the most laborious, although not the longest. It was in April 1887, and was from Edinburgh to London on the 'S S S' tricycle; the weight of the machine, with luggage, was only 68 lbs. I left Edinburgh on Good Friday,

and, after covering seventy-two miles of road, reached Belford at one o'clock in the morning of the next day—Saturday. The houses in the town were all closed, and I could get entrance nowhere. The rain was also coming down very fast indeed, and, under the combined influence of rain, cold, and fatigue, I was thoroughly exhausted, and could go no further without rest; so I came to the door of a house, and there sat down on the step, and, in the midst of the rain, fell asleep. I slept an hour and a half, and then awoke from the cold. I was at first very stiff and chilly, and also wanted food; but I felt it absolutely necessary to get on, and so remounted my machine, and pushed along as well as I could. In a little time my pace improved; and, eventually, I reached Newcastle at six o'clock in the evening. On this occasion I had been out thirty hours, doing the hardest work I ever attempted in my life, on a sleep of one hour and a half. My average pace was four and a half miles an hour only, the wind, the rain, and the roads being very bad. During part of the way I was, in fact, nearly frozen. My experience is not in favour of the idea that much injury comes immediately to the rider from little sleep under so great an amount of exercise. I was able the next day after my severest effort to take a long ride with my son, and was none the worse for it; on the contrary, I think I felt better for the exercise: it seemed to take off whatever remained of stiffness and weariness I might have felt. Neither can I fairly say that my worst ride has, or that any of my rides have, done me the slightest injury. I should not repeat them for the mere pleasure of the thing, because I am getting older, perhaps too old to warrant the repetition; but, if necessity arose, I should not hesitate to go through it all again."

I have the profoundest veneration for science, especially when it condescends to be practical, because it is then so often accurate, and in perfect accord with the experiences of every-day life. It would be positively entertaining to recall some of the dismal calculations and forebodings of scientific men, and to compare them with the present development of cycling. A brilliant mathematician computed, according to Dr. Richardson, that no possible arrangement or modification of a cycle would ever enable the rider to gain any mechanical advantage, for he would have to carry himself as well as his machine; others, mostly medical men, prophesied a frightful catalogue of diseases, the penalty of cycling—terrible heart-complaints, varicose veins, and I know not what besides; but the guesses of medical

practitioners are not entitled to much attention. We have now found out that about the safest place in the whole world is a cycle seat; while, as for speed, a trained man can with little labour go four times as fast as a rapid walker.

Not so very long ago forty or fifty miles a day was an almost impossible distance, and was regarded as the utmost limits of human endurance: then Mr. Marriott managed 100 miles in twenty-four hours, and before long he cleared 183, and still later he reached 214. Even ladies have gone immense distances, and the late Mrs. Allen contrived to cover 153 miles in twenty-four hours. I do not wish to say one word which would seem to approve of reckless strain and profitless and dangerous over-exertion, but on September 7, last year, Mr. M. A. Holbein, the famous cyclist, cleared 324 miles in twenty-four hours: he reached the end of the first 100 miles in six hours and thirty-three minutes, and did 175 miles in twelve hours. Among other marvels of cycling, Mr. Sutton, in September, 1884, rode from London to Edinburgh,—399 miles in two days; and Mr. George Smith went 100 miles, in the same month, on a Safety bicycle, in 7 hours 11 minutes 10 seconds.

Dr. Richardson has known twenty-five miles done on ordinary roads on a tricycle, at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, and this apparently without constitutional disturbance or subsequent fatigue: but such a pace could not be kept up without severe strain and an attack indistinguishable from rheumatism in consequence of the body getting overcharged with waste products, which would be beyond the capacity of the system to eliminate.

As for the practical value of cycling—at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, in 1883, tricycles were supplied to some of the police; they have not only paid their expenses, but the public gained, in seven months, in diminished horse keep alone, £53 16s. 6d. One cannot help speaking in modified praise of racing, objectionable though it is in many ways, for it has been the competition among makers to build easy-going machines, which has led to the marvellous improvements of recent years: the constant striving after longer distances in shorter and still shorter times has led to those wonderful machines on which a practised bicyclist will go twenty miles an hour on a good smooth road, and a tricyclist sixteen: but these are higher speeds than should be recommended, and for pleasure and profit one may be satisfied with ten miles on a bicycle and eight on a tricycle.

Though not a very young man, I am a very young cyclist.

How often I had looked with envy at the crowds of cyclists darting along our roads towards Ringwood and Bournemouth every day during the long, bright Dorset summer, which, though very far from perfect, has a faint, far away resemblance to the brilliant summer of southern latitudes! but I might as well have longed for a carriage and pair as for a cycle. One day, last summer, a relative of mine heard me mention what pleasure the possession of a good tricycle would afford me; and a few days later he promised to give me one. I went at once to our cycling emporium and picked out a capital second-hand machine for £7 10s.; it promises to last many a long year, though I give it little rest, and I find that the roughest roads and the coldest weather do not interpose any great difficulty in my way, and even heavy rain does not, in time of need, deter me. Assuming that a stout second-hand machine will last five years, and that during that time, with repairs, it will cost £10, cycling would cost £2 a year, no great sum for most purses.

Let me, however, as a medical man of some experience, urge elderly, stout, and inactive people not to over-exert themselves on any pretext. Tricycling is pleasant and health-giving on good, hard, level roads, in warm but not hot weather, and when not carried to excess. Any person, fairly used to the exercise, whatever his age or figure, can go five miles an hour for two hours at a stretch, and then, after a brief rest, can return, and be very little tired. But on bad, loose, hilly roads, and at high speed, for long distances, matters are totally different, and, instead of its being an easy and safe amusement, it becomes dangerous: great waste of the muscular fibres is set up, and this is equally true of excess in any other out-door exercise. These remarks do not apply to the young, active, and strong, to experts, and to persons accustomed to regular exercise of any sort. I sometimes hear of people stopping in Dorsetshire for tea, who have run from the other side of London in the same day, say 120 or 140 miles; that is excessive in any one, and not to be recommended, although to show what can be done on bicycles and tricycles by practised hands will interest the reader. On the track, twenty miles an hour have been done without fatigue on the bicycle, and over sixteen on the tricycle; while on a level, hard road, eighteen have been covered on the former, and fifteen on the latter; and on bad, hilly roads, twenty-five miles have been done at a stretch at the rate of 4 minutes 15 seconds per mile; seventy miles have been easily covered on a tricycle for thirteen

days in succession, and 100 on a bicycle. But this is nothing to what some athletes have covered, Mr. Holbein's triumph, mentioned above, being the most startling. With reasonable practice, six miles an hour for six hours requires little effort; but, as in all other athletic exercises, the strain increases out of all proportion to the addition to the pace. Double the speed may actually mean six times the strain and waste, and the man who can cover six miles an hour for six hours is soon exhausted by nine miles, and when he reaches ten or eleven, finds that his system is being dangerously overtaxed.

Now, another important word; no alcoholic beverages should, under any pretence, be drunk while cycling. I never heard more deafening cheers than greeted Dr. Richardson last October, in the Birmingham Town Hall, when he assured a vast audience that Holbein, the famous cyclist, would never have covered the 324 miles in twenty-four hours, which placed him at the head of all the cyclists in the world, had he taken alcohol. In the audience there were many first-rate cyclists, and their cheers showed what they thought of the matter.

Tricyclists are confessedly far better without alcoholic beverages. Some years ago, Mr. Marriott and a friend of his cycled 180 miles a day without alcohol, and were of opinion that, had they taken any, they would have broken down completely. One of the most curious facts in natural history is, however, that the camel can work seven days without drinking, while man can drink seven days without working. A common question is, "How much ought we to drink?" and estimates ranging from a quart to a couple of gallons a day are sometimes framed. But a more pertinent inquiry would surely be: "Ought we to drink at all?" A note of warning is now often heard, that healthy people insist on drinking too much, and so throw an immense amount of unnecessary work on certain important organs; but the very people who protest against four or five large meals a day, and denounce alcoholic stimulants as rank poison, are, not infrequently, rather proud of the prodigious quantity of fluid which they get through, and the advice is often heard to supply abundantly, cold tea, milk and water, and such like. And yet it is no new discovery that in hot weather and in severe work the less fluid the better, a superabundance of fluid actually encouraging, not checking, perspiration, softening the muscles, and increasing thirst. In the treatment of inebriety, about the worst possible thing, next to allowing stimulants, is to supply

fluids in excess, and the surest way to keep the craving for alcohol in full force, is to try to quench the thirst with unstinted quantities of beverages. We are getting wiser, and no longer regard, as George Eliot so wittily put it, the male portion of the human race as the victims of an unquenchable thirst. Some years ago I heard an ardent vegetarian lecturer—and was repelled by what I then regarded as an audacious falsehood—that he had not taken fluids for a month. “Yes,” I thought, “eaten an apple with a quart of syrup, and then said he had lived without fluids,” and I uttered many hard things about the poor fellow. But my views have changed, and I see nothing improbable in his assertion; and only to-day I have met with a gentleman, evidently well informed and trustworthy, who tells me that two ladies, intimate friends of his, never drink fluids at all, but live chiefly on porridge, nuts, and uncooked fruit, and they enjoy vigorous health, are never ill, and never feel the pangs of thirst.

Will the matchless and tireless powers of electricity ever be utilised for cycle propulsion? Why not? True, it will then cease to be the healthy and pleasant exercise which we find it to be; but I cannot see the slightest difficulty in contrivances that will admit of machines being driven rapidly and without effort on the rider's part. At present such electro-motor power can only be managed by means of secondary batteries, and the machine then weighs little short of half a ton, and is about as large as a gig; but science is as untiring as it is accurate, and the near future may have great surprises in store. Possibly the success attending the new tram-cars in Birmingham, which are worked by means of reservoirs, if one may use so unscientific an expression, carried under the seats, and which contain electro-motive power enough to propel them seventy miles, may lead to tiny reservoirs being attached to cycles, by means of which they will be propelled a hundred miles or more without exertion to the rider. Country doctors, tradesmen, and postmen would find such help invaluable, and it cannot possibly be anything but a matter of time before we find that the last remaining difficulties, which now confound cycle manufacturers, will be completely overcome, and machines will be in use that, without any effort on the rider's part beyond that of steering, will climb the steepest hills and traverse the roughest and muddiest roads at a steady pace of eight or ten miles an hour.

ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

BLIND JUSTICE: A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

BY ALBERT E. DRINKWATER.



PART I.

THE custom of the English Courts of Law forbids the unhappy wretch, whose life or death is in debate, to speak one word of explanation in his own defence.

The liberal ruling of wise judges has on rare occasions ignored the custom, but the occasions have been very rare indeed. If the indulgence had been extended to me, it is more than probable that I should not have been what I am now—a man, in years, in the very prime of life—in appearance, bent, old and worn ; one of whom you would say that almost any day Death might fairly come to claim its due and yet rob Nature of nothing of its customary course—and yet, what seems to me most strange, in experience and knowledge of the world a child, without the freshness and receptivity of mind which properly belong to childhood.

That is what I am now—and that is what twelve of my fellow-countrymen, in effect, condemned me to be—over and above the weary, weary years of misery that cannot be told, when at their instigation the trembling voice of the solemn judge passed upon me the terrible sentence that I should be hanged by the neck till I was dead.

I was just eighteen years old. A month before I had been vigorous with all the vigour of dawning manhood—untouched by care as a boy is whose future is full of promise and bright with hope—and now—as the ghastly prospect shaped itself before my bewildered brain an ever-growing numbness paralysed every sense. I was innocent—entirely innocent. I knew it, though no one else did. And yet, before a week had passed, my unspeakable indignation, my great wonder had been succeeded

by an apathy so intense, that when the news came that, instead of death, life-long imprisonment lay before me, I smiled at the bearer of the tidings and the next day had forgotten that he had ever come.

Fifteen years have passed since then. An accident has set me free. When after this lapse of time, that cannot be measured by years, I was startled by the intelligence that the truth at last had forced its way to light and that I might go forth when and where I chose, two feelings struggled for the mastery—joy, so great that it left me prostrate, at the thought of freedom—and a great sadness at the sure conviction that the terrible misery I had endured had sapped the source of energy and had made life—real, active, self-dependent, happy life—impossible for me.

Of the truth of this conviction—in the main—there can be no doubt ; and yet every day shows me, to my wonder, how much of reality, of activity, and of happiness is possible even for me—happiness that has grown the greater since I have begun to hope that there may be those to whom a clear statement of the facts that are my vindication will be not only of interest but of vital consequence.

That vindication lies in the story of my life from the time that I was three years old till I reached eighteen ; and so I tell it.

My earliest remembrance is of a peaceful, prosperous, unpretending home in what was then a country suburb of London. The house, as bought by my grandfather, contained the usual complement of well-proportioned rooms and was surrounded by an unusually large garden. My grandfather, who had won for himself a substantial position in the financial world, had inherited and, throughout life, had retained a great love of books ; and like all true lovers of books he was of opinion that silence and solitude were essential to their full enjoyment.

He had therefore built on the side of the garden farthest from the road a large room fitted as a library, and beyond this a smaller one designed for a study. These were connected with the house by means of a corridor, and yet so far completely separated from it that absolute quiet could be obtained without inflicting irritating restrictions on the other members of the household.

It was to this home that I was brought a few months after my mother's death, which occurred when I was barely three years old. Business compelled my father to take frequent journeys

abroad, and my grandfather's urgent request that we should give up our own house and share his, was the more readily acceded to because it secured for me the constant and affectionate care which were essential, as well as because it removed my father from associations which brought back painfully to mind scenes in which the central figure had always been the wife to whom he had been passionately devoted, and of whom till the day of his death he always loved to talk.

And of this, the first home that I remember, I remember most distinctly the two rooms, library and study as they then were. It was in them that some of the happiest hours of my happy childhood were passed ; and when a few years later I went away to school, the long shelves of countless books in the larger room, with the half-dozen portraits that hung above them ; the glowing fire in the room adjoining, with the great, comfortable, red-leather chair ; the hexagonal oak table, with its orderly litter of books and papers, the big bronze inkstand and the reading-lamp ; the heavy crimson curtains that hung above the window that opened to the ground and led out on to the garden ; these always combined to make up the picture of home that came most frequently and most vividly to my mind.

And these same two rooms have formed the background to another picture that with maddening persistency has haunted me now for fifteen years. The same two rooms indeed, but from them there has vanished the repose, the content, the all-pervading sense of watchful care and of protecting love. All the beauty has gone out from the picture of my boyhood, and in its place there is terror unspeakable.

There still are the long shelves of countless books, dimly visible in the library that is in darkness save for the faint light that comes through the open door from the fire burning in the room beyond. To the six portraits that cannot be distinguished in the shade a seventh has been added to keep them company ; and somehow, through the all-pervading dusk, it seems to stand out clear and well-defined, as if it were itself a source of light. It is a portrait of my father. The window in the study, seen also through the open door, is swiftly, silently unfastened, and through it, as swiftly and as silently, a figure steals out into the dark garden beyond. Transfixed and frozen with dismay, I stand and look. There is a dagger in my hand, and both are wet with blood. The fire in the study throws the shadow of the frame of the open window on the heavy crimson curtain,

and it looks like a hideous gallows-tree. And now the silence, the terrible silence of the place is broken by a moan of anguish, the death-moan of the wretched man who is lying at my feet.

Yes, for fifteen years it has haunted me, sometimes for hours together ; it has shaped itself upon the dreary walls, it has grown from out the immaterial air, and, phantom-like, appeared before me whichever way I turned. It has shut out the light of heaven by day ; it has through many a weary watch made sleep impossible by night.

But now, thank God ! sometimes at least I can think of these two rooms as they were when I was a little child. I can remember the joy with which they are associated, and forget the gloom.

There was, as I have said, a window opened to the ground which led from the further room, the study, into the garden ; this was opposite to the large door between the study and the library. As you entered the latter room through this door the wall on the left was covered to the height of seven feet with books—the pictures hung above. On the right hand there were more books, a fireplace in the centre, and windows on either side. These windows looked on to the well-kept lawn where always I was permitted with certain slight restrictions to play in dry weather. The restrictions were, however, strictly enforced, and when I transgressed them I was sure to get into sad disgrace, for my grandfather was in his kindly way a strict disciplinarian, and he shared with old Wilkins a genuine pride in the neatness of his garden.

In 1855, two years before the time of which I am writing, my grandfather had practically seceded from the business which under his guidance had become notoriously successful, and left it to the care of his sons. He still paid occasional visits to the office, but he had otherwise nothing to interrupt the leisure, of which he spent a large proportion among his books.

He was then a well-preserved man of seventy, courtly and precise, but at all times genial and kind-hearted. Whilst I was playing in the garden, it often happened that he was reading in his study. From time to time I saw him as he went into the library to fetch another volume from the shelf, and as he passed the window, he would often stop and watch me, and I remember the expectant pleasure with which I used to watch him in return. I was waiting for a signal which, although in no way pre-arranged, was unerring in its effect. If, after a few moments,

he went on with his book under his arm, I knew that for the present he was busy, and I resumed my discussions with Wilkins, who was always willing to answer my endless and irrelevant questions, and who made me believe that I was a great help to him in his gardening operations, whenever it suited my whim to run about with him, and busy myself with the flower-pots or the trowel.

But if my grandfather came to the window with no forbidding book in his hand, then I watched him with the keenest interest. I waited to see him take off his spectacles, produce from his capacious pocket the vast red handkerchief with which to polish them, examine the glasses by the light of the window, and finally consign them with scrupulous care to their substantial leather case.

Then I knew that for the present he had done with his books, and I ran round to the study window, where I was sure to find him ready to open it and let me in. The half-hours and the hours that we spent together in those days seem almost too sacred to be submitted to the process of description ; yet there is little enough to describe. We seemed to be admirably suited to each other. He had an inexhaustible store of anecdote and story, which he told with what, making all the allowance for the glamour of time, I still believe to have been an extraordinary felicity and appreciation, and I believe he loved to tell them ; I am sure I loved to hear them. He would grow interested to the point of excitement over the fortunes of the chestnut—he always had the chestnut—as we played together with the card-board race-course and the box of dice ; and he laughed as heartily as I did at the comic evolutions of the latest mechanical toy, which he loved to produce with mischievous mystery after his periodical visits to the office.

If I appear to be speaking much of my grandfather and little of my father, you must not suppose that any want of mutual affection is the cause. On the contrary, he was at all times most kind to me, and my greatest joy of all was the anticipation and the pleasure of his visits. I say visits because, as I have before explained, although my grandfather's house was now his only home, yet he was so much occupied with business abroad that I unfortunately saw but little of him. A far more frequent visitor was my father's only brother, my Uncle Henry, who controlled the London office, and who came from time to time to make reports and ask my grandfather for advice ; for the old man was

still keenly interested in business, and fully retained his great administrative capacity.

As my Uncle Henry plays a very prominent part in my life-history, let me describe him. He was six feet two inches in height, and he looked even taller. His hair was of the darkest shade of red, his whiskers somewhat lighter. His brow was remarkably smooth, and at the temples singularly square; his eyes deep-set and very keen; a thin nose, slightly aquiline; a prominent upper lip; a straight, receding chin. His figure was spare, his shoulders slightly rounded. His dress never varied, or varied very little. The black coat, high white collar and black tie; figured waistcoat, with the long, thin, gold chain; the brown trousers that fitted faultlessly to his long, thin legs; all combined to make even more striking his unusual face and figure. All that he did was done slowly and deliberately; yet he seemed to have entered a room almost before the door through which he came had begun to move. He never looked at man or woman for more than the shortest moment of time; yet women's eyes fell before him as they fall before a rude, indecorous stare, and men who had met his glance and turned away, turned back instinctively to look again.

Whenever he came, young as I was, I could not help noticing an uneasiness in my grandfather's manner. He always gave his eldest son a cordial welcome, yet something of his habitual brightness seemed to disappear whenever they were together, and after my uncle had gone away, his father was invariably, for a time, silent and thoughtful beyond his custom.

For myself, I do not know that I had any good reason to complain of the treatment I received at his hands. At times he appeared to be at some pains to make himself agreeable to me; he always noticed me, talked to me a little; sometimes even with his long, cold hand he fetched from the deep pocket of his precise coat a bag of sweetmeats or a toy. But I could not like my Uncle Henry, and if I had been a timid child I should have been afraid of him. One habit of his especially displeased me. At one moment he was laughing, talking brightly, apparently in all respects in his lightest, merriest mood, and suddenly and without cause you looked and saw his face with no trace of a smile, clouded with a look of a puzzled pre-occupation; so changed from the face you saw a moment ago, so different from the face that ought to belong to the man you heard a moment ago, that the transition almost startled you.

Of the other people who made up my grandfather's list of friends and acquaintances there is no need for me to speak; with one exception, they are in no way concerned with the events of my life which it is my present purpose to narrate. The one exception was another uncle, an elder brother of my mother. He was the manager of an important shipping company, and lived at Liverpool. It was only, therefore, when business called him to London that we had an opportunity of seeing him. He took a sincere interest in my welfare for the sake of my mother, for whom he had always had a great affection—an affection that was more than reciprocated, for in her eyes Edward Marston was the embodiment of kindly good sense and of manly perseverance. I was fond of my Uncle Marston, as, I think, most people were. In appearance he was in no way remarkable; of average height, well-proportioned figure, with thick brown hair and full beard tinged with grey, clear features, and eyes that met you with a free, frank gaze, he was a man to inspire confidence, and incapable of betraying it. I liked him as a child, and was always sorry when his short visits came to an end.

With such surroundings my life passed pleasantly and uneventfully for three years, when an incident, trifling in itself, occurred which left upon me an impression which after events have only served to intensify.

My grandfather and my Uncle Henry had been dining together one Saturday in February, and I had gone in, as I always did, to share the fruit which my good friend Wilkins the gardener took such pride in providing. My Uncle Henry had been making some effort to amuse me, but he had failed to do so, and all three of us were ill at ease.

Presently the housekeeper came into the room to say that some one wished to speak with my grandfather.

"This is the name, sir," she added, as she gave him a directed envelope which the caller had sent in in place of a card. "He says you'll know who it is."

My grandfather put on his spectacles and read the name.

"Stetham? Stetham? Who's Stetham?"

Some drops of wine fell on my face from the glass in Uncle Henry's hand.

"Stetham? I don't know the name? Do you?" and he turned towards his son.

"Yes. He's the new messenger at the office. He has called to see me, perhaps."

"H'm! Urgent business, I presume."

The housekeeper was instructed to show Mr. Stetham into the breakfast-room; and as it was, I suppose, my usual time for going to bed, she took me with her. In the hall I saw a man dressed, as I remember thinking in the limitations of my child's vocabulary, "like a poor man." His clothes were black, and he was drenched with rain. As I went slowly upstairs to wait for the housekeeper, he watched me so keenly that I was frightened. He walked slowly towards the door that was held open for him, and, as he approached it, he stumbled slightly over the thick mat, and disappeared into the room.

In a few minutes I was in bed, and under ordinary circumstances should have been asleep; but I was waiting for my grandfather, whose invariable practice it was to come up to my room a little while after I had gone upstairs to say good-night to me. I waited long beyond the usual time, and he did not come. As I lay awake I thought of Mr. Stetham, and his face and figure became so impressed upon me that, if I had never seen him again—and I never did but once to recognise him—I do not think I should ever have forgotten him.

Presently I heard voices in the hall, and then Mr. Stetham went out at the front door. Again a few minutes, and a cab drove up and stopped. My Uncle Henry went out of the house, and the cab drove rapidly away. Yet another interval, and then my grandfather came into my room and sat, as his custom was, upon my bed.

"What! not asleep?" he said kindly.

"No, grandpapa; why have you been so long?"

He did not answer the question.

"It's too late to talk now," he said; "you ought to have been asleep an hour ago. Good night, my boy. God bless you!"

In a few minutes I was fast asleep, and not even in my dreams was I disturbed by the memory of Mr. Stetham and his wet, black clothes.

The next morning, however, I was again reminded of his visit.

Wilkins and I were busy in the garden looking over some old rejected plants to see if we could not get a few cuttings to replace some others that had the night before been destroyed by the overheating of a small pit; that is to say, he was cutting and potting the plants, and I was fetching the pots.

While we were so engaged the housekeeper came down the

garden, ostensibly to obtain some information as to what vegetables were available for dinner ; really to have a chat with Wilkins.

With that curious reluctance to enter at once on the topic about which alone we wish to speak, that is so often to be found, she spent some time in asking Wilkins the most commonplace questions and in imparting the most trivial information.

"Did you see that man," she asked presently, "who came here last night to see Mr. Henry?"

"A lame man, do you mean?"

"Yes, he is a little lame ; seems to drag his left foot as he walks, somehow."

"Yes, I was just coming down here to look to the fire when he came in at the gate. Do you know who he is?"

"He calls himself Stetham," said the housekeeper, with a significant emphasis on the second word.

"Uncle Henry says he's the new messenger at the office," I volunteered, glad to contribute my item of information.

"What do you mean by 'calls himself Stetham'?" asked Wilkins.

"Do you remember Mathews?"

Wilkins finished the potting of the plant in his hand with concentrated deliberation, and then, with the same fixity of purpose, he sat down on a stool and filled his pipe.

"You don't mean to say he's come back?"

"He has though."

"Well I'm blessed ! Does master know?"

"Yes, I think he knew 'twas Mathews."

Then, with a mutual look to which I was not unaccustomed, and which, being translated, signified that they were on a topic which it would be indiscreet to discuss before me, the housekeeper went back to the house, and Wilkins and I were left to give our undivided attention to the potting of plants.

The time was now fast approaching for me to go to school. It had been my grandfather's original intention that I should commence my education at home under the care of a governess ; but a serious illness which for some weeks confined him to the house, and as I now believe other reasons of which I knew nothing, induced him to change his plans.

Accordingly just before my seventh birthday it was decided that I was to be sent to a country village within easy access of home, and placed under the care of the rector of the parish.

And the decision was in all respects a wise one, for it secured for me the teaching and guidance of one of the best of men.

I made frequent visits from Saturday till Monday to see my grandfather and sometimes my father. Of my Uncle Henry I saw less and less, and I was not sorry for it; for ever since Mr. Stetham's appearance at the house I had somehow come to remember the man, whom I had seen dressed "like a poor man" and drenched with rain, as an enemy to my grandfather, and intuitively I had connected my Uncle Henry with him as an associate in evil.

My grandfather's illness had been a very severe one, and he never really recovered from its effects. Each time I saw him he seemed to be growing older and less active, and I should therefore have been prepared for the first event of importance that occurred to me after I had left home. It was when I had been at school—if school it can be called—about a year and a half that they told me one day that my father had come to see me; and from him I learnt that my grandfather was ill beyond all hope, and that he would like me to go home and see him once again. I started on the journey with an almost breaking heart. And well I might, for it does not often come to the lot of any to lose so good a man, so true a friend.

The sad, sad days that followed there is no need to dwell upon. The house was hushed, the doctor came and went, but never a gleam of hope. Whenever he was well enough, my grandfather liked me to sit by his side and talk or sometimes read. From time to time he spoke to me of my future, of the fierce battles that come in the life of all, and he gave me the best of counsel to prepare me for them.

"Good-bye," he said one day; "be strong—be a man." He held out his hand, and I climbed upon the bed and kissed him. Then they led me from the room; they told me he was dead. My father and my Uncle Henry had both been constantly about the house, and for some days both remained. When my father was for any reason obliged to be away, I went into the garden to talk with Wilkins, or wandered about the rooms where I had spent so many happy hours—the library and study. My grandfather was not fond of change, and they were in almost every detail the same as I had always remembered. One addition there was—a portrait of my father, hanging in the library—painted by my grandfather's desire during his last stay in England, as I learned, and hung in its present position by

my grandfather's own hand. It was exactly opposite to the recessed window. And in the recess there stood, as there always had, a small inlaid table from Japan, with various small ornaments upon it ; and a chair in which I sat and looked at the picture for the first time. I liked it much, and I remember now the pleasant thoughts it brought into my mind—the reassurance that I still had a true friend left—a friend whom I could trust, and on whom I could depend.

A few days later and my father called me from the garden, and told me to get ready to go for a walk with him. On our way he spoke of the changes in his immediate plans for me that my grandfather's death would involve.

I was to remain with my present tutor for a few months longer, and then go to the preparatory department of a public school, to which in due course I should be moved.

This, my father told me, had been decided upon, after talking over the subject with my Uncle Marston, and somewhat in opposition to his own original intention, which was to have placed me in a school in Germany, near which business was likely for some time to compel him to be ; but although we should have been able in that case to have seen more of one another, he had been convinced that a thorough course in an English school should come first. Except that I naturally wanted to be as near my father as possible, I was pleased with the arrangement ; for my two fellow-pupils had told me so much of their elder brothers that I was very ambitious to become a public-schoolboy.

One thought, however, weighed heavily upon me.

"Where shall I go for my holidays ?" I asked.

"If I am not in England, you will, when possible, come to me."

"And if you are not in England, and I can't come to you ?"

"Then you can go to your grandfather's house as you have always done. The house is left jointly to your Uncle Henry and myself till you are of age, when it becomes your property, with the proviso that if either of us wish to remain there we can do so, and pay to you a fixed rent. Your grandfather has also left you some other property, enough to provide for your actual wants, and to give you every prospect of a fair start in whatever business or profession you may decide, when you are older, to follow. So you must work hard, and try your best to deserve his kindness."

"And shall you live there when you are in England ?"

"Yes; but I am sorry to say that for the next three years, possibly longer, I see no prospect of being in England for more than a few weeks at a time."

"Who will be there when I go home for the holidays?"

"Your Uncle Henry will live there always."

"And must I go there if you are not at home?"

My father making no reply, I continued:

"I don't like Uncle Henry."

"You mustn't say that. Why don't you like him? He is never unkind to you, is he?"

"I don't know why, but I don't like him."

"There is nowhere else you can go, except occasionally to your Uncle Marston. I'm sure he'll be very glad to have you for a few days now and then; but you know he's a bachelor, and lives in chambers. You could not go there to stay always in your holidays."

"Very well, papa, then I must go to Uncle Henry's."

I think the tears rose to my eyes. The subject was changed, and the rest of the walk passed happily enough. Indeed I went home in great glee, for my father had promised that the whole of the next holidays at least should be spent with him.

And now there comes a long interval of which there is nothing of moment to relate. With moderate success, but with no particular brilliancy, with a fair share of schoolboy's scrapes, but with no flagrant breach of discipline, I passed through the earlier stages of my school career. My holidays were spent as much as possible with my father, occasionally with my Uncle Marston, and as little as possible with my Uncle Henry.

I had just returned after the Christmas vacation; it was the first week of term. As I lay in my cubicle I took but little heed of the talk and laughter that was going on around, for we had had our first half-holiday, and had played the usual in-school match between the Classics and the Moderns. In the evening the Captain of the Football team had put up on the notice-board the list of those who were to play the next day in the first important game of the term, the school against the officers of the neighbouring barracks. And my name was in the list—my first appearance in the fifteen. With dim visions of fierce scrimmages and brilliant runs, in which I was always a conspicuous figure, floating before my eyes, and the ring of the lusty cheers of my comrades echoing in my ears, I fell asleep, and slept as only a tired schoolboy can.

The next morning, armed with an order signed by the Captain of the team and counter-signed by the second master of the College, as our rules directed, I went to the housekeeper's room and got my fifteen colours, which, as I made my way back along the corridor, were enviously examined by half a hundred ambitious young athletes.

In my pride and pleasure I had quite forgotten the disappointment which had made the last half of my holidays unspeakably tedious and dull. My father, who had come home to spend Christmas, had been summoned by telegram three days afterwards to negotiate business of importance at Constantinople, whence he said he should in all probability be obliged to go on to Russia. For a few days I had been left alone with my uncle, when to my great relief a note arrived for the housekeeper from the office, instructing her to pack his portmanteau, and send it to meet him that evening at Charing Cross, he being also compelled to leave London for some days on business. All this had vanished from my mind, and when I took my place in the well-appointed drag in front of the school porch, my present happiness left little room for any other thought.

It was a splendid game. Half-time was called, and a touch-down to our opponents the only advantage scored. When we changed sides, the wind, which had been against us, dropped, and the slight help we had anticipated from it disappeared. Still we fought on bravely, not quite so vigorously as if it had been later in the term, when we should have been in better condition, but yet with little evidence of fatigue. At last the Captain, with a fine run, gets through nearly all his men; but Hughes, an old Etonian who has got into trouble at home and has enlisted, and to-day is playing with the officers to make up their number, is a terrible man to pass; the two meet, there is a fierce conflict for a moment, and then the ball winds over our heads to mid-field. Five minutes more, and we have not scored at all! There is a hot scrimmage close to goal, and I, who am playing forward, being a little lighter than the rest, get wedged out to the left. Simultaneously the ball comes too, and is in my hands. Ten yards, and I shall be over the line. Thanking the gods for my good fortune, my blood tingling with the glorious prospect, I run as I have never run before; but Hughes is quicker than I am. For a moment his terrible grip stops me like a wall, and then, by some lucky accident of the ground, he

slips and falls, hurling me headlong as he goes. But the ball is still in my hands, and Hughes by his fall has thrown me right across the line. There is a cheer from every quarter of the field, followed by eager silence as the ball is carefully placed according to the Captain's minute directions. Then another cheer louder than before as the ball sails easily above the goal, and the umpire calls "Time."

There was no lighter heart in God's universe than mine as we drove back to school, none prouder as the Captain told the fellows after supper of the run that won the game.

But "extremes meet." Proverbs are based upon experience, and so for the most part they are true.

Five minutes from the time when I was the centre of an admiring group, I was in the Head-master's study. Kind and gentle as he always was, despite his unswerving firmness and love of discipline, there was in his manner to-night even more than his accustomed gentleness and kindness. He held out his hand to me, and his voice trembled.

"I have bad news for you," he said.

"For me, sir? What is it?"

"The fever that is raging in Russia has attacked your father."

"My father!"

"Here is a telegram from your uncle;" and he handed me the paper.

I read it and re-read it. It was short, but terribly concise. My father was dead.

"Was my uncle with my father when he died?" I asked, after some minutes of mutual silence.

"Yes; so I gather from his message."

For some time longer I remained in the Head-master's study, and all that a good man's heart could devise was done and said to make my grief less poignant. By his direction I slept that night in his house, or rather I did not sleep at all, for the overwhelming sense of my loneliness increased with every hour. My eyes were swollen with tears, my head was burning with a dull, fierce pain.

Upon what followed immediately there is no need to dwell. The body was brought to London, and I went to see it laid beside my grandfather. My Uncle Marston was there too, and he contrived to give himself a fortnight's respite from work that he might take me with him for a short cruise along the Mediterranean shore. One incident only I will recall. On my

arrival at the house, my Uncle Henry met me at the door. When I held out my hand to greet him and he stretched forth his in answer, the long, thin fingers trembled, and had no strength to grasp ; their touch, accustomed as I was to his cold hand, made my whole frame tingle as with an icy tremor. His lips moved, but he spoke no words, and then he stumbled into the dining-room and fell unconscious on the chair. I have seen strange sights, and looked on men's faces tortured with agony such as you of the outer world have little chance to realize ; but never have I seen such a torrent of silent, swift, convulsive agony as swept across his face that night.

(To be continued.)



CORRESPONDENCE.

The name and address of Correspondents must always be sent (not necessarily for publication), and the Editor cannot undertake to communicate with the writers or return their letters under any circumstances.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,

I hasten to reply to Mr. Swinton's answer to my letter, as I find from the whole tone of his letter that he is under a great misconception as to my views on the subject under discussion. Without, I am afraid, duly weighing my criticism and arguments, he has rushed to the conclusion that I am interested in the gas industry, and am therefore opposed to electric lighting in any shape or form, and that the mention of the "light of the future" has much the same effect on me as a red rag has on a bull. Now I venture to say that any one carefully reading my letter from an impartial standpoint will see that I confine myself almost entirely to criticism of Mr. Swinton's figures and statements, and it is these I quarrel with, and not with the electric-lighting industry.

Mr. Swinton opens with the statement that my arguments are of too technical a character (I notice he ignores my figures as to cost, &c., but doubtless these form part of my "technical" reply), and are outside the matters touched upon in his article. Now, I have to say this—that, if technical papers are contributed to non-technical magazines, it is only fair that they should be open to criticism on the same lines, and since I took Mr. Swinton's article piecemeal, and stated my views, substituting my own figures and arguments for his, I must say I think the statement he makes both unfounded and ungenerous.

With reference to the Deptford Station, I was fully aware when I was writing that the station was supplying current in a small way, my remark, which Mr. Swinton professes not to have understood, applied only to the 10,000 volt scheme of the Electric Supply Corporation. There would be no point in the argument otherwise, as many other companies are supplying in the same way as the Deptford Station is at present.

Mr. Swinton, in his next sentence, could not have possibly stated

my case better, than when he says that two years is the limit to an unproceeded-with Order. Would not this time allow the company to look about it a little, gain experience from the successes and failures of others, and start just as their time was expiring?

I will now return to one of Mr. Swinton's remarks, and say that he is happy in his transformers. I have always understood, and I think experience will back me up, that these instruments are troublesome to keep in order. I did not expect to have given to me the definition of the word "machine," as an answer to my statement about transformers and the attention they require; my obvious meaning was that in electrical supply, unlike gas, there were other parts to get out of order than the service from the main to the lamp. I would next inquire why the terms of the Paris competition were more onerous for English manufacturers than French? Surely these "best makers" would not have lost so splendid an advertisement if they could possibly have avoided it?

I can assure Mr. Swinton that there are many forms of flat-flame gas-burner giving the light and consumption I state; because the public cling to obsolete burners is no reason why they cannot obtain better. I am sorry to have to contradict Mr. Swinton as to deterioration if the burners are renewed, say, every six months, a period that compares slightly favourably with incandescent electric lamps; and I may finish this paragraph by assuring Mr. Swinton that the harm inflicted by gas on books and ornaments is greatly exaggerated, in London, at least, if the room is properly ventilated; with water-gas, this objection would entirely vanish.

I may say that my tone in speaking as I did of the phenomenal gardener was perhaps unduly frivolous; but I was annoyed by the off-hand manner in which Mr. Swinton dismisses the subject of "merely managing a dynamo," and I maintain that the current used in some private installations is very far from harmless.

Passing on to the consideration of my statistics as to New York lighting, can Mr. Swinton really mean that the rival electric light companies to all intents and purposes cut down each other's poles? If he will take the slight amount of trouble necessary, he will find that the Mayor of New York ordered the poles to be cut down, through the series of ghastly accidents that had occurred in the city, and how this was due to municipal corruption I fail altogether to grasp; and I would venture to warn Mr. Swinton that the smart sentence with which he concludes the paragraph, betrays that he is hard hit, and is, moreover, slightly applicable to Mr. Swinton himself. He next says that street lighting is outside the subject of his paper, which is headed, "The Present Position of Electric Lighting" (there is no qualification); now since a great part of electric lighting at present is for street purposes, my slip was pardonable.

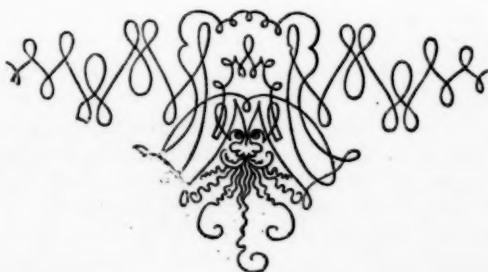
Mr. Swinton's little tale about the evening newspaper is simply tridling with the subject. I can scarcely think he means it seriously; in

my comparison of the danger of gas and electric light I was naturally taking human beings of average common-sense, and meant that if the two systems were attended to by such, that electricity, with especial regard to the fire risk, was the more dangerous. If the Phoenix office people are correct in saying "if properly carried out," I must again regret the bad material and workmanship that are current at the present day, for the "safest illuminant" to be the cause of so many fires.

I will now conclude my remarks, though I wish I could reply at greater length, as I fear to trespass further on your valuable space, and say that no one could be a more staunch supporter of gas companies supplying the new light than myself, if they can do it at a profit, and not *make gas pay for electricity*. I fully admit that the electric light has got a large field of its own in the lighting of large shops, hotels, ships, and trains, but I do not admit it is altogether out of the experimental stage; and I would finally remark that my criticism of Mr. Swinton's article was called forth, not by an interested opposition to the new light, but by an objection—in which, I am sure, all unbiassed readers will join me—to seeing the matter discussed in a very one-sided manner, in the shape of a magazine article, which the public, knowing not what can be said on the other side of the question, naturally take as a correct view of the case.

Yours truly,
ARTHUR R. BURCH.

* * * The Editor begs to announce that he can publish no more letters on this subject.



NOTES OF THE MONTH.

CARDINAL NEWMAN—ITALIAN OPERA—NOTES FROM PARIS—
MERCHANT CLASS IN RUSSIA—RICHARD JEFFERIES.

ENGLAND has within the last month lost one of its greatest men by the death of Cardinal Newman. All the old bitterness which had been aroused by the Tractarian movement has long since disappeared, and the author of Tract 90 has for some years been regarded with admiration, and even affection, by those who have not sympathised with his religious faith. Only those who were his contemporaries have any right to criticise his character. A younger generation can but regret his loss while they recognize the singular purity of his character, and the sweetness and charm of his literary style. Probably "Lead, kindly Light" is known in many households which have but the most moderate acquaintance with the ferment of intellectual and religious discussion which agitated Oxford and England half a century ago.

The most brilliant season of Italian Opera on record drew to its close with an "exceptional and special" performance of "Carmen," on the 27th of July, provided with an unique caste, had not Madame Melva disappointed the public by not appearing in the rôle of "Michaela," for which part she had been announced. The Italian Opera Season for 1890 is remarkable for several departures from tradition at Covent Garden, notably among them being the constant repetition of Operas in the French language: this resulted, in the case of "Carmen," in a sort of Babel of tongues, as far as the chorus was concerned, both English and Italian struggling for mastery over the Gallic, in which language the principals sung the work! The season of 1890 also seems to point to the fact, that the attraction of the *prima donna*, always considered in the past a paramount operatic necessity, no longer holds the important position it did of yore. This is proved by the demand for seats, and, by the popularity over any other operas, of those in which the gifted brothers de Reszké sang; they were undoubtedly the *draw* of this season at Covent Garden, not the *prime donne* as formerly. M. Jean de Reszké, as "Romeo" and "José" in Carmen, has created an ideal of those parts which stand unrivalled, and difficult indeed will be the task

of any one attempting to follow him ; the " Mephistopheles " and " Friar Laurence " of M. Edouard de Reszké being well worthy to rank with the creations of his illustrious brother. The financial position of the management is excellent, the whole of the necessary funds having been subscribed before the commencement of the season. It seems advisable to suggest that the term *Italian Opera* should no longer be adopted, as the number of times that language has been employed results in a minority of works as compared with the French operas. If only one or two more languages could be introduced on to the operatic stage, we might hope to see the ideal performance of the Connoisseur, each work given in the language in which it was originally written. English and Italian opera are now united in one company under Mr. Harris's able direction ; might they not also be classed together under the title of Grand Opera, and so avoid the absurdity that the one opera, given during the recent season by an English composer, Goring Thomas's " Esmeralda," should require to be specially translated into French for an English audience ? Still opera in England is gravitating in the right direction, and, though the old order of our youth changeth somewhat, what has been done in the way of alterations, has been well done, and, as far as we are aware, has occasioned no regret.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

What can be said of Paris at the present season ?

After weeks of rain and chilly weather, the heat has come at last, bringing the burning days and suffocating nights, which so disagreeably characterise the Parisian summer. The houses are given over to painters and cleaners, and the streets are torn up for the purpose of repavement ; which, however, seems to be always going on in Paris, to the great peril of those who trust their lives to the *cochers de fiacre*, and also to the constant annoyance of pedestrians, placed between the imperious orders of the men on guard, to move away from the houses under repair, and the pitfalls in the street, on leaving the side pavement.

The deleterious emanations, especially at night, mingled with the hospital odour of carbolic acid, plentifully sprinkled ; the distressing closeness of the air, and the bad Seine water " turned on " so frequently in summer, when the heat causes deficiencies in the usual supply, constitute a combination of evils which makes Paris decidedly undesirable in July and August ; so everybody who is " anybody " has left long ago, and those who are " nobodies " try to cheat themselves into the belief that they are " *à la campagne* " by taking refuge in the white cardboard houses of the environs. Here they are choked with dust, and blinded by the glare of white chalky roads ; they pay a higher price for all provisions, and have very limited resources within their reach, but they are " *à la campagne* ; " and then Monsieur, who goes to Paris every morning

to his avocations, can bring home anything not to be had in the locality. When he is away, Madame enjoys the delight of walking about a tiny garden, in a state of cool, comfortable untidiness; which becomes the privilege of Monsieur, when he returns in the evening and puts himself at ease. Notwithstanding her love for "*la campagne*," Madame is forced by supposed dire necessity to go into Paris two or three times a week in the freshest of summer toilettes; and thus she gains sufficient strength of mind to get through her time of exile without repining, and even with eloquent dissertations on the delight of "country life" to her friends when they come to dinner on Sundays, and take back with them large bouquets of strongly scented flowers; to the great annoyance of their fellow-travellers in the railway carriages.

When no visitors are expected, after mid-day mass, where Madame usually makes her appearance and from which Monsieur too often absents himself, they take the train to Versailles, or Saint Cloud, or Saint Germain; anywhere, in short, where military bands may be heard and fountains admired.

The higher class of *bourgeoisie* have pretty villas or even *châteaux* in the environs of Paris, for the division of property between the children of a perhaps wealthy father too often enforces the sale of old family residences, which are greedily bought up by the *nouveaux riches*. The prettiest places round Paris now belong to bankers, or manufacturers, or large tradesmen, whose household arrangements are luxuriously comfortable, trying hard to imitate English ways. They certainly come nearest to the traditions of country life in England; but, in general, hospitality is not a virtue congenial to the French soul. There is a good deal of display, but also a considerable amount of thrift; and the open-handed liberality of a great English household would here be considered mere waste.

There is usually plenty of gaiety going on in the country places round Paris. Not so in the provincial *châteaux*, where the great families of the old aristocracy now spend a considerable portion of the year. The shooting season brings visitors, and consequent animation for a short time; but the simplicity of the usual home-life would astonish English pre-conceived ideas.

The first meal is habitually served in the bedrooms; tea, coffee, or chocolate, on a tray, with a roll and butter. Many, however, have kept more primitive ways, and we could name ladies of princely rank beginning the day with a bowl of pumpkin soup. We may quote an instance of a young English lady, who, by a very rare privilege, was permitted, on a visit, to share the private life of a great French family in their *château*. The Marquise —, a dignified old lady, who looked as if she had stepped down from the frame of one of the old family portraits, inquired what her visitor wished to take for breakfast. The young stranger, considerably frightened and bewildered by her new surroundings, answered shyly:

"Tea—or coffee—or anything Madame la Marquise pleased."

"My dear," was the reply, "you are my guest, and of course you shall have anything you like; but my daughters take soup, and if you are wise you will do as they do. Young people should avoid contracting habits."

Of course, the hint was sufficient, and the English girl breakfasted on onion soup; but it seemed very strange, and was decidedly ungenial. When the church is near, the ladies of the family usually go to early mass; but this is rather exceptional, as the châteaux are not usually near the villages. No one is expected to be seen before the *déjeuner à la fourchette*, or luncheon, the hour for which varies between eleven and twelve; the family then meet in the simplest dresses imaginable, which are frequently retained for the dinner, without any change. Everything is fresh and neat, but of the humblest material, such as printed cotton; the meals are, however, served ceremoniously on massive old plate, and the fare is excellent. Nothing is supposed to be necessary between the luncheon and dinner, except for children, who are given preserves and bread, or fruit. The young children and their governesses are present at all the meals, even the late dinner; a very undesirable practice, for many reasons. Afternoon tea is unknown out of Paris, except as a rare compliment to an occasional visitor, nor is tea served in the evening; but excellent coffee is taken immediately after dinner. A tray with sugar, or syrup, and water, placed within reach, is considered sufficient for all needs till the next morning.

The long walks and rides which play such an important part in English country life are unusual here, and the ladies of the family do not habitually walk beyond the grounds. Croquet and lawn-tennis have made their way into some country-houses; but they are more tolerated than approved by the matrons of the old French aristocracy, whose principles of education are greatly shocked by the familiarity of modern habits. A great advance in this direction has been made within the last few years under the patronage of some wealthy and rather "fast" leaders of fashion, who have introduced hunting and shooting parties, where young ladies take an active share, and dinner-parties, with small separate tables, where they are seated with young men, and without chaperones; but these innovations belong to a peculiar set, and are viewed with consternation by the others.

There is not so much visiting of the poor and teaching of children as in English villages; the Sisters of Charity, where they are allowed to remain, undertake the distribution of alms, and keep poor schools, coming to the château for assistance when required. But in many places they have been dismissed: the château family then keep aloof, and there is tacit war with the authorities, leading to much annoyance and unpleasantness on both sides.

The ladies, however, give help to those who come to seek it, and

work for the poor, besides embroidering vestments for the village church. Some do more than this, and having learned to dress wounds, they attend to the poor with often heroic charity. We know instances where regular days in the week are devoted to all who come, and hours spent in a room kept for the purpose, where all the poor creatures bring their repulsive ills, and are kindly nursed and attended.

The real French gentlewoman deserves to be better understood, for she is totally unlike the heroines of modern novels, whose writers know about as much of aristocratic life as the author of the "Lady Flabella" in "Nicholas Nickleby." The pictures presented by Octave Feuillet's writings are perhaps the most true to nature, as it is seen in some melancholy cases; but he would certainly be ready to admit that the women whom he meets in daily life have nothing in common with his morbid heroines.

The old *mariage de convenance*, when a girl was taken out of a convent to be shown the man whom she was to marry, no longer exists. It is true that marriages are made up and brought about often too hastily and superficially; but still attraction and repulsion are taken into consideration, and a girl is no longer forced to marry a man whom she positively dislikes. It happens, however, too often that she does not know him sufficiently, and that she is persuaded to believe that she likes him more than is really the case. Sometimes this sort of undeveloped attraction ripens into a deep and devoted love; when this occurs, there are no more affectionate wives than Frenchwomen, nor more faithful widows.

More frequently a sort of cool friendliness springs up, where they see but little of each other, and liberty is enjoyed by both. The authority of the husband is less felt than in an English household; there is a sort of understanding that in her home the wife is queen, and settles matters as she pleases.

But their best and warmest feelings are awakened by all that concerns their children. French parents are, perhaps, the most loving in the world; the interests and welfare of their children are their first consideration, and we see wonderful sacrifices of their own pleasure and enjoyment made in favour of their sons and daughters by the most worldly men and women. They are taken as a matter of course; no one thinks of doing otherwise, or of seeing any merit in such acts.

The mothers especially are unequalled; nothing will stand in the way of a Frenchwoman where the interests of her children are concerned, but this love is so engrossing, that it swallows up every other: they are more mothers than wives, and if called upon to choose between leaving a husband to go alone on a foreign mission, or leaving their children, they would not hesitate: "Mes enfants avant tout."

The love of a Frenchwoman is always absorbing, leaving little room in her heart for anything outside. If she has no children, and loves her husband, he is her one thought, and she cares for nothing else; so that

the union of an affectionate pair becomes a sort of "partnership in selfishness," as it has been called.

The Frenchwoman is not the frivolous being that she is usually supposed to be. She is very intelligent, and exceedingly practical in her views; not much given to literature, and heartily glad to have "finished her education;" but retaining enough of the past cramming to join brightly in any conversation, and say a sparkling word on any subject. She is a good housewife and a good manager; even inclined to too much thrift in everything but her "toilette," where her reasoning powers seem to disappear. "Toilette" she must have, at any cost and any risk. But here, again, appearances are not always to be trusted; many Frenchwomen are excellent needle-women, and will unrepiningly work for whole days, without change or relaxation, to get up a pretty dress for some occasion, if their purse should be insufficient for dress-making bills. The bonnet especially is the great achievement, the established principle being that a dress, if well made, may be of any material, provided the *chapeau* be irreproachable. Therefore many fashionable ladies make their own bonnets, so as to have an endless variety. We have known princesses, whose deft fingers could "chiffonner" any amount of tulle and lace into fascinating head-gear, so as to rival the productions of a fashionable milliner.

In short, the Frenchwoman is a butterfly,—gathering honey like a bee! "A monster!" some may exclaim. Well—perhaps—if by "monster" is meant something heterogeneous—but what a charming monster!

THE MERCHANT CLASS IN RUSSIA.

Compiled from Russian sources.

Until the present day the wives and daughters of Russian merchants, with very rare exceptions indeed, are as entirely the humble, submissive slaves of their lords and masters as they were a hundred years ago, and almost as ignorant and unlettered as the wives and daughters of field labourers, with the disadvantage, over and above, of leading a perfectly useless, futile, and unoccupied life.

The only real liberty the women of that class enjoy is that of eating, drinking unlimited cups of tea at all hours of the day and night, if they so choose, and sleeping until noon. Outside this, they have to consult the head of the house about the most trifling and insignificant household matters. They dare not choose a bonnet or dress, receive a friend or visitor, or go out for a drive without his leave. This intolerable and ridiculous despotism is especially hard in the case of young married women, as it is the custom for a young wife to live in the same house with her father-in-law, and be in subjection to her husband's parents.

Even those few young girls who attend the private schools are but ill-informed, and have but a very slight and superficial knowledge of anything, whilst the greatest number pick up a smattering of learning at home. The life they lead is devoid of all enjoyment or interest. They spend their days in gossiping round the ever-steaming *Samovar*, or decking themselves out in gaudy attire, and finally accept without murmur or word of dissent the husband, however distasteful and repugnant he may be, chosen by the father.

In those rare cases when a girl attempts to assert her rights, or openly rebels against parental rule, or when a married woman dares to evade the surveillance of the spies which her husband sets round her, or in any way strives to break through the bonds of her servitude, the result is always the total defeat of the poor weak creatures. The girl is either shut up for life in a convent, or forced to marry the man she abhors. These family dramas generally terminate by a burlesque, in which the women play but a sorry part, and become the subjects of scorn and ridicule to the whole tribe of relations and connections. As their moral and intellectual standard is very low, they are guided by mere caprice, and choose their lovers amongst their inferiors, or dependants of their lord. These despicable men, at the least sign or danger of discovery, beat a hasty retreat, and leave the poor deluded women to their own devices; whilst they are allowed to escape scot-free, the whole blame and dishonour falls on the women.

The habits and customs of this secluded class were quite unknown until very recently; it is owing to the great and truly talented works of M. Ostrovsky, the most celebrated of Russian living dramatists, that this hitherto neglected and unknown class has been brought to light. M. Ostrovsky's parents were of humble birth and standing; his father was an advocate, and as his practice chiefly lay in that quarter of Moscow exclusively inhabited by merchants, he had constant intercourse with them. Young Ostrovsky, the future brilliant dramatist, entered, at an early age, the government service at the *Cour de Commerce*, and thus had ample opportunity of studying the original and characteristic types of this class, which were constantly brought before his notice, and greatly contributed to the varied and curious collection of an entirely new series of portraits and characters in his popular dramas.

The most popular and successful of his types is that of the *Samodoor*, a term of which no word in our language can convey the meaning. *Samodoor* is a man who gives full and unrestrained vent to his most fantastic, unbridled whims, fancies and passions, who disdains all control, and acts on the impulse of the moment, whether for good or bad, just as the spirit or humour moves him.

This term of *Samodoor* applied by Ostrovsky to the merchant millionaire has become as popular as that of Nihilist. Though Ostrovsky has found in his literary career of thirty years' standing

numerous imitators, he has never been surpassed or even equalled by any one. He was an indefatigable and prolific writer.

In spite of his extremely minute, just, and incisive insight into the characteristics of this interesting caste, one important feature has been overlooked by him, namely their religious doctrine.

The schism which arose in the Orthodox Church in the seventeenth century found its strongest and most tenacious adherents to the *Old Faith* in the merchant class; they have ever kept steady to the doctrines of the old church, and their fanatic adhesion to the old books and ancient form of worship has only grown and increased, the more they have had to endure from the persecutions of the Established Church. Within the last twenty years or so a few of the merchant families have gone over to the *new Faith*, as they call it, and have become by slow degrees amalgamated with the more enlightened and civilized portion of the Moscow society; indeed, you will now meet in Moscow two or three merchant families who, in point of learning, manners, and style of living are in no wise inferior to those of the highest nobility; their women, too, would not disgrace the most select drawing-room in London or most brilliant salon in Paris.

The *Starovyeri*, or old believers, on the contrary stubbornly resist all innovations and persuasions, and refuse to budge an inch from their ground. They look with horror on every other doctrine outside their own Church, and consider them all as the work of Satan. The old married women still wear the traditional "salop," a long loose cloak; and hide their hair, which is cut off on the eve of the wedding-day, in a silk *kosinka*, or handkerchief. The young women wear fashionable bonnets. The sleekest, plumpest horses, and fattest, most pompous-looking coachmen, belong to the merchants.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

There is a movement on foot to place a bust of Richard Jefferies, the prose-poet of the Wiltshire Downs, in Salisbury Cathedral. The movement is supported by Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. H. Kinglake, and other distinguished authors, and it has the sanction of the Dean of Salisbury. The present, therefore, seems a fitting opportunity of laying before the public a few details with regard to the life of this gifted observer.

Until the publication of Mr. Walter Besant's 'Eulogy' in 1888, but little was generally known of Jefferies' history; and it is from that appreciative record of his life that most of our information is derived. As an instance of the obscurity which formerly surrounded Jefferies and his work, may be mentioned the fact that it has often been a matter of dispute among admirers of his writings as to the particular locality which inspired his marvellous descriptions. We now know that that locality

was the district of the Wiltshire Downs. "The land which lies in a circle of ten miles radius, the centre of which is Coate Farmhouse, belongs," says Mr. Besant, "to the writings of Jefferies. He lived elsewhere, but mostly he wrote of Coate. 'The Gamekeeper at Home,' 'The Amateur Poacher,' 'Wild Life in a Southern Country,' 'Round about a Great Estate,' 'Hodge and his Masters,' are all written of this small bit of Wiltshire. Nay, in 'Wood Magic,' in 'Amaryllis at the Fair,' in 'Green Ferne Farm,' and in 'Bevis,' we are still either at Coate Farm, or on the hills around."

Coate Farmhouse stands on the Marlborough road, about two miles and a half out of Swindon. It was there, on November 6th, 1848, that Richard Jefferies was born. The farm, which was not a large one, had been in possession of the family for many generations. His father, though in sadly reduced circumstances, belonged to an old English yeoman stock, and seems to have inherited a love of solitude. The household has been partly described by Jefferies in 'Amaryllis at the Fair.' Farmer Iden is, without doubt, a portrait of his father, although the figure may not be true in all its details. Many of the pictures in that curious story are almost certainly drawn from life, as, for instance, the graphic one of the farmer planting potatoes: "Had he been planting his own children he could not have been more careful;" and the one of the dinner at the farm, off a wether-leg of mutton, "a joint to be looked on reverently."

It was amid the beautiful surroundings of this ancient farmhouse, with its orchards and gardens, its fields and hedgerows, and with the breezy Downs not far distant, that the early years of Richard Jefferies were spent. For a while he resided with an aunt at Sydenham, returning home every summer for the holidays. But at the age of nine he came home for good, and was sent to a school—apparently a day-school—at Swindon. As a boy he does not seem to have shown any special signs of unusual ability. He had, however, a splendid memory, and was even then a great observer of nature. Possessed of a highly sensitive and nervous disposition, and being withal very reserved and fond of solitude, he cared but little for the ordinary games of schoolboys. He was an immense reader, and yet he did not live in "the world of books." He had a keen relish for the country. He knew, we are told, every tree, every field, every hill, every patch of wild thyme in the district. And though he was shortly to leave his native haunts, yet in almost everything that he afterwards wrote, the country around Coate was in his mind.

When he was about sixteen Richard Jefferies had an adventure. He had, it appears, a great desire to see the world, and so he proposed to another lad the magnificent project of walking through Europe as far as Moscow and back again. The boys actually started, crossed the Channel and began their journey. But an insuperable obstacle presented itself. They were utterly unable to speak a word of French

or to understand a single syllable that was said to them. And so, after about a week's sojourn abroad, the splendid undertaking was given up, and the boys returned to England.

After this adventure Jefferies settled down at Coate Farm, with the intention of becoming a journalist. One of the attics of the old house was converted into a study for his use; and here he read an immense deal, including the works of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Scott, Byron, and translations from the classics. At this period of his life he is said to have been very careless of his personal appearance. He let his hair grow until it reached the collar of his coat. "This," says one who knew him, "with his bent form and long rapid stride, made him an object of wonder in the town of Swindon." He was over six feet in height, and so thin that it was feared he would go into a decline. He never, we are told, "carried an umbrella, or wore a great-coat, nor, except in very cold weather, did he wear gloves." At this time, and for the next few years, his life was a very hard one. Though in regular employment on the *North Wilts Herald*, and occasionally obtaining work in connection with other local papers, his existence seems to have been one constant struggle with the wolf of poverty. Into such terrible straits was he thrown, that at one time we find him threatened with the county court for some paltry debt; at another time his very apparel is falling to pieces; at another, he has only one single copper left. His health, too, was far from strong, and now and then he was laid up with severe attacks of sickness. At this period he seems to have given no indication of his genius as an interpreter of nature. He was himself apparently unconscious of it. All his leisure time was devoted to writing fiction which ought never to have been published. Of his first serious work, 'The Scarlet Shawl,' Mr. Besant truly says, that the book affords not the slightest indication of genius, insight, descriptive or dramatic power, or indeed of any power, especially of that kind with which he was destined to make his name.

His first success came in the year 1872, when Jefferies was twenty-four years old. It consisted in a letter to the *Times* on "The Wiltshire Labourer," which, together with other letters that followed, attracted a good deal of attention, and raised Jefferies at once into the position of an authority on matters connected with farming. But the success was not followed up. The splendid chance was thrown away, and much precious time was yet to be wasted on worthless publications which should never have been allowed to see the light. But though this great opportunity was lost, yet the publication of the *Times'* letters considerably improved his position. It brought his name before the public; it made his work more sought after; and consequently it rendered his income more secure.

In July 1874, when Jefferies was twenty-six, he married. And it is, as Mr. Besant says, "a happy thing to think that it was in the first year of his wedded life that he brushed away the cobwebs from his brain,

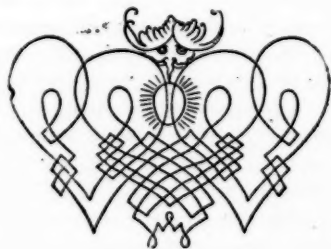
left the old things behind him for ever, and stepped out upon the green-sward, the hillside, the forest, and the meadows, where he was to walk henceforth until the end." With the publication of 'The Gamekeeper at Home' a few years later his name in literature was secured. From this time until his death, a period of about ten years, he wrote for nearly all the leading magazines and journals. But though his position in the world of letters was now recognized as the greatest living interpreter of nature, yet his income was never very large. Such as it was, it was mostly secured by contributions to the monthly magazines and the daily papers. But fortunately his wants were few, and easily satisfied. At Swindon, where he removed on the occasion of his marriage, and where his first child was born, and afterwards at Surbiton, and other places, his habits were extremely simple and methodical. "He breakfasted," says his biographer, "always at eight o'clock, often on nothing but dry toast and tea. After breakfast he went to his study, where he remained writing until half-past eleven. At that hour he always went out, whatever the weather and in all seasons, and walked until one o'clock. This morning walk was an absolute necessity for him. At one o'clock he returned, and took an early dinner, which was his only substantial meal. His tastes were simple. He liked to have a plain roast or boiled joint, with abundance of vegetables, of which he was very fond, especially asparagus, sea-kale, and mushrooms. . . . Dinner over, he read his daily paper, and slept for an hour by the fireside. . . . At three o'clock he awoke, and went for another walk, coming home at half-past four. He thus walked for three hours every day. . . . He took tea at five, and then worked again in his study till half-past eight, when he commonly finished work for the day. . . . He took a little supper at nine of cold meat and bread with a glass of claret, and then read or conversed until eleven, when he went to bed."

The last five years of Jefferies' life were intensely sad ones. He fell ill in December 1881, and from that time until the day of his death his existence was almost one incessant struggle with poverty and pain. He was not yet thirty-four; he had succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations; his articles were eagerly accepted by all the leading magazines, and as eagerly read by the intelligent public; his income was sufficient for his simple wants,—when he was struck down by some internal disease, which baffled the skill of the medical profession. The agony he suffered was terrible. "I can compare it to nothing," he writes to a friend, "but the flame of a small spirit lamp continually burning within me. Sometimes it seems like a rat, always gnaw, gnaw, night and day." He tried, he says, some forty prescriptions, and took something like sixty drugs. But it was all of no use. The pain went on, burn, burn, burn. If he wrote a volume, he goes on to say, he could not describe the terrible, scorching pain night and day. Eventually the disease was discovered to be an ulceration of the small intestine. But the doctors could do nothing to relieve him. It may easily be

imagined that his small savings were soon expended, and that the spectre of poverty stared him in the face. His friends came generously to his aid, and a fund was raised which enabled the sick man to take a small house at Goring, on the Sussex coast. But during this terrible time, in spite of almost unceasing suffering, Jefferies continued, when it was possible, to write. And strange as it may seem, some of his very best work belongs to this period of his life. 'The Pageant of Summer' was written in the midst of agonizing torture. During this painful time he also wrote 'Life in the Fields,' the 'Open Air,' 'The Red Deer,' 'Amaryllis at the Fair,' and a number of miscellaneous papers, some of which have been collected by his widow, and published under the title of 'Field and Hedgerow.'

It was during this tedious and hopeless illness that the faith of earlier days came back to him. Those who have read his autobiography, entitled 'The Story of My Heart,' over which he tells us he had pondered for seventeen years, will know that he had abandoned all belief in the Christian Revelation. But as he lay awake at night, thankful to be free from pain, if only for a few minutes, the words of the old Book spoke to him again of comfort and of hope. As the end drew near, the faith of his childhood came back to him, and he who had had the vision of the "Fuller Soul," died at last a humble believer in Him, who cared for the birds of the air, and for the flowers of the field, who created all things, and without whom was not anything made that was made.

On Sunday morning, August 14th, 1887, at the early age of thirty-nine, after five years of constant and intense suffering, Richard Jefferies died. Ten years had barely elapsed since the publication of his first successful work, and half of that short period had been passed in chronic pain; yet, short and full of suffering as the time was, it was long enough for Jefferies to produce work which has placed him in a foremost position among the prose-poets of Nature, and which will live in the literature of his country as long as the English language endures.



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ESSAYS, SPECULATIVE AND SUGGESTIVE. By J. A. SYMONDS. In Two Volumes. (*Chapman & Hall.*) Ranging over a great variety of subject, these *Essays* are all strung together on one thread. They arise in one way or another out of the higher questions of art. Some of them deal more specially with certain literary periods; but the greater number move in that region where the more abstract questions of art are raised, and where they merge into cognate questions of morality, religion, or metaphysics. The vein of speculation, or at least of that generalising insight which is first cousin to speculation, runs through them all. Mr. Symonds is nowhere so happy as when he is analysing out the characteristic features of large literary movements, as in the concluding essay, which at once compares and contrasts the Victorian poetry with the Elizabethan, or in the equally striking papers which discuss the differences of national style. But learning and sanity of judgment are the possession of many critics; the distinguishing features of these essays appear to us to be the writer's outspoken acceptance of the most fruitful and important movements of present thought, his frank welcome of science and its methods, his deep sympathy with the spirit of democracy. Here is literature offering friendship, or rather homage, to the doctrine of evolution, and the feeling which in politics and elsewhere finds value in common humanity and common things. The spirit in which Mr. Symonds works seems to be of greater significance than any mere special results at which he arrives. For it must be confessed that when he deals with the more speculative problems of his subject his thought bears traces of the vagueness which often plays the part of Nemesis to that idealistic philosophy which has so strongly affected him. It has generally been noticed how felicitous is the title of his work. Breadth of view and suggestiveness characterise these essays rather than profundity. Thus, in discussing the relation of art to morality—one of the most important questions of to-day—though he rightly urges that neither can art ignore morality, nor should art aim consciously at morality, he leaves the question in this vague condition. He is happier when, in the same essay, he reviews the art of the Italian Renaissance, and indicates that its beauty persisted in

virtue of the original force which gave it birth, and in spite of the atmosphere of immorality in which it afterwards lived. The same touch of vagueness appears to us to exist in his philosophical interpretation of Evolution, and his conclusion to the existence of mind everywhere. Great as is the debt which is due to him for his attitude towards science, he perhaps overlooks in his enthusiasm for the idea of development the further issues which are raised by that principle of natural selection on which Evolution proceeds. But it seems ungracious to dwell on the shortcomings of a wise and delightful book, rather than on its merits. Those who may have been repelled by the exuberance of Mr. Symonds' earlier style in his "Studies on the Greek Poets," will be only too glad to acknowledge the greater simplicity and charm of his maturer writing. And if they still have to regret a few phrases which smell too much of the scholar's lamp, they will forget their regrets in the general grace and felicity of his workmanship.

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CLIVE. By COLONEL SIR CHARLES WILSON. ENGLISH MEN OF ACTION. (*Macmillan.*) AKBAR. By COLONEL G. B. MALLESON. RULERS OF INDIA. (*Clarendon Press.*) These two volumes on India, in two different series, deal with events widely remote in time and different in their interest, but the coincidence of their appearing together is not unhappy. Clive laid the foundations of our Indian Empire, and the policy which he initiated was in the main that by which the Empire was built up. Akbar, with his religious tolerance and his wise regard for the opinions and customs of the people whom he ruled, foreshadowed the principle in virtue of which we have been able, like him, to consolidate our Empire. No passage in Professor Seeley's 'Expansion of England' was more remarkable than that in which he pointed out that we won India not so much by our own powers as by dividing the natives against themselves, and securing ourselves a party among them; and Clive's career illustrates abundantly the truth of this remark. In an interesting paragraph Sir Charles Wilson points out how Clive had been trained in the Carnatic, and might almost have learnt from Dupleix the policy by which he formed later on in Bengal an English party at the Court of Surajah Dowlah and secured the assistance of Meer Jaffier. It is also noteworthy how Clive maintained his influence by kindly treatment of the natives; it was only once, in his treachery to the treacherous Omichund, that he stained his character. Sir Charles Wilson's work is an excellent narrative. It will not supersede the famous essay of Macaulay, but we pay no slight tribute to its merits in saying that it does not even after that essay appear superfluous. It is both clear and vigorous. Colonel Malleison works in less exhausted soil, and he has produced a useful book, which in literary merit, however, falls far short of the high standard which Sir W. W. Hunter set in the opening volume of the new Oxford series. Akbar's character and policy are of

extreme interest, and the last chapter of the book which describes the internal administration of his Empire is of much the greatest value. Akbar was a Broad Churchman, born out of time, at least out of European, Greenwich time. Though a conqueror, he recognized the religion of the people he ruled. Nothing is more curious than the story of how, with the help of his wise counsellor Abulfazl, he obtained from the Mohammedan doctors the recognition that he was head of the Church, and on the strength of this authority substituted for the old formula the new one, "there is but one God, and Akbar is his vicegerent on earth," altering the religious code and the liturgy to suit the needs of his people. With the same generosity he abolished the prolific tax on pilgrims; but his generosity was tempered by wisdom, for he discouraged the practice of Suttee and child-marriages. Colonel Malleeson is doubtless right when he says that Akbar may well bear comparison with his contemporaries in Europe, Elizabeth of England and Henry IV. of France. The account of the civil government as distinct from the religious policy seems to us insufficient. A great part of the volume is of course occupied by Akbar's wars, and the interesting earlier portion describes the career of his remarkable grandfather Baber. Colonel Malleeson writes in general with care, but it is extraordinary that his first chapter should be disfigured by three pieces of careless writing which ought not to have escaped the editor's notice.

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HISTORY OF ENGLAND, FROM 1815. By SPENCER WALPOLE. In Six Volumes: Vols. I. and II. Messrs. Longman are conferring a favour upon the public by publishing Mr. Spencer Walpole's History in a cheap and handy form, similar to that of the new edition of Mr. Gardiner's great work. The only objection to the form is that the headlines of the pages merely repeat the title of the book, and consequently reference becomes difficult. The two volumes now published bring the history down to the Catholic Emancipation Act. The book, though it nowhere rises to distinction, is a most useful and valuable work. Mr. Walpole has all the necessary qualities of industry, laborious care, moderation of judgment, and a style which is always clear and pleasant to read. The interest of the subject is immense. If we suffer somewhat from being too near the events, on the other hand we have a more personal interest in them, and the history of such a time has all the fascination of a newspaper, with the advantage of the perspective and artistic condensation and selection, which are the privilege of history. The first volume is a careful review of the state of England at the end of the war in 1816, to which Mr. Walpole was plainly inspired by the example of Macaulay's famous Chapter II., a chapter which, with all its worship of material progress, he is probably right in calling the noblest Macaulay ever wrote. An excellent feature of the history is the care with which financial matters are treated. Though this may perhaps repel some readers, they will, however,

find plenty to attract them in the story of Queen Caroline, and the events leading to the Emancipation Act.

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SCOTLAND. By JOHN MACKINTOSH. (*Story of the Nations. Fisher Unwin*). The new volume of this series is a business-like piece of work. It is scarcely possible to give any further praise to the book; but it is difficult to see how in 300 pages any writer should give a history of a whole nation, extending over at least six centuries, without dropping into a brief, dry chronicle. The consequence is that the romantic passages of Scottish history have to be dismissed in a few pages; a boy who read the account of Mary Stuart would hardly have an idea of the interest of her story, or again of the story of Wallace. A great part of Scottish history up to the time of James II. is indeed dreary reading, with the murderous lawlessness of the most turbulent nobles in Europe. The feature of most permanent importance is the religious movement, and Dr. Mackintosh has been successful in giving a clear and succinct account both of the Scotch Reformation itself, and of the later struggle against Episcopacy, and of the causes which led to the Disruption. This is the most useful portion of the book. The literature is treated in the most inadequate manner, and might, with advantage, have been omitted altogether. It is not treated so as to be interesting to boys; while for other persons could anything be more disproportionate than to give two and a half pages to Hogg, while Carlyle and Scott are dismissed in about half a page each? Of Carlyle it is said that "he presents a realistic and seething panorama of the Revolution!" The author's Scottish enthusiasm is pleasant; but ought he to have said, without qualification, that the massacre of Glencoe was ordered by William? And should he have used the word "intermissive" for "intermittent," and "appeal" in the passive voice, "the case was appealed to the Lords"?

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A DEAD MAN'S DIARY. (*Ward, Lock & Co.*) That human curiosity will for ever seek to pass the bourn whence no traveller returns, is as certain as that no answer from the land beyond will be accepted by more than a very few seekers. For ourselves we question whether the vague speculations into which we all at times wander can be embodied in a concrete form without a certain sense of loss. To give our thought a setting is to limit it, and probably the logical and philosophical view of immortality will never have much in common with the heaven of traditional theology. But amongst such attempts "to explain the inexplicable" the view put forward by the writer of these papers is perhaps one of the most successful. Even if his treatment does not always rise to the dignity of his conception, he never, like a recent writer on a similar subject, mistakes grotesqueness for power; and when he forgets to write like Mr. Swinburne he often writes well. In the pre-

liminary chapters about the beauty of earth, "the wasteful snow writhes and wreathes around in arch and cave and column," and "the silent heaven spreads swimming and soaring away into the azure," but a more chastened and a truer eloquence breathes through his later descriptions of Heaven and Hell. Into the theology of the book this is not the place to enter. Suffice it to say that, in the words of Omar Khayyam, the writer declares his conviction that "I myself am Heaven and Hell;" that what a man sows, that and that only does he reap; and that it is through self-revelation that Heaven at last becomes possible. Of the truth of this view let the theologian and moralist judge. At least the writer is firmly persuaded of it, and shows no little skill in working his conception out in detail.

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SNAP. By C. PHILIPS-WOLLEY. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*)

This is essentially a schoolboy's story of the good old sort, full of fun and adventure, and abounding in hairbreadth escapes. Perhaps the author's love of manliness and muscular Christianity is a little obtruded upon our notice; but still his boys are boys, and not precocious æsthetes or agnostics. The hero Snap Hales is a really orthodox hero; a master of boxing, riding, shooting, and the art of making himself generally useful. We hold our breath during his deadly battles with grizzlies and Indians, and we applaud heartily when the curtain falls upon his safe return home endowed with wealth enough to reinstate his friends in the homes of their fathers. The book is remarkable for a certain open-air freshness and vigour, and an honesty of purpose rather than for any great literary skill. But, such as it is, it may safely be recommended to boys of all ages and sizes, and even their elders might do worse than spend an idle hour over its pages.

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A SOUTH SEA LOVER. By ALFRED ST. JOHNSTON. (*Macmillan*

& Co.) Whatever may be the merits of 'A South Sea Lover' as a story, it abounds in picturesque descriptions, which are clearly the work of one well acquainted with the tropical regions of which he writes. We confess that we think it rather a pity that Mr. Johnston should so often forsake vivid word-painting for the more questionable amusement of commonplace philosophising. His reflections are many, and they are generally trite; but when he can forget himself in the excitement of his story, he carries his critical readers along with him. Christian North is drawn into a romantic affection for a young Polynesian, with whom he swears blood-brotherhood, and for whom he forsakes home and kindred and consents to become a savage. The history of his love for the beautiful Utamé, who reminds us rather of Mr. Rider Haggard's heroines, and the troubles which thence arise, furnish the author with material for a succession of lively scenes. These we can recommend to the intelligent reader; but if he be really intelligent he will return to

the habit of his childhood, and stop short at the moral. There is a certain air of improbability about the beginning of the story, but perhaps it is no greater than must be expected from a romance-writer in this prosaic nineteenth century.

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**WHEAT AND TARES.** By SIR HENRY STEWART CUNNINGHAM, K.C.I.E. (*Macmillan & Co.*) Here in a new edition is an entirely fresh and charming little story from the same hand which gave us 'The Heriots,' and 'The Cæruleans.' Sir Henry Cunningham is a scholar, and a man of the world, and his book is strewn with sparkling sentences and brilliant epigrams. Indeed, if we were offered an introduction to his world, our only hesitation would be due to a well-grounded suspicion that our conversation at breakfast-time rarely rose to the level of Rachel's after a night spent at sea. But it would be ungracious to insist too much upon what, after all, only springs from an *embarras de richesses*, and it is a treat to turn from the vapid dialogue and colourless descriptions of too many contemporary novelists, to the brilliant pages of the author of 'Wheat and Tares.' We feel indeed that the Mephistophelian Dean, who "got rid of a difficulty by an antithesis, and explained the inexplicable in sentences of such incomparable neatness that ninety-nine out of a hundred of his hearers were sure to be taken in," and the friendly Archdeacon "who was never at a loss for a charitable suggestion," are real additions to our "friends in fiction." To reveal the plot would be to rob our readers of a treat; but we will confess to a feeling of personal injury when just as we waited for the sound of marriage bells we met with so cruel a disappointment. But the nature of this disappointment we leave it to our readers to discover.

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**THE TRAGIC MUSE.** By HENRY JAMES. (*Macmillan & Co.*) It is not at all easy to judge a novel of Mr. Henry James's, because it always seems to need a special standard of criticism. When we hear that a lady "supremely syllabled" a very ordinary remark, we feel inclined to speak slightly of the writer's intellect; but then, lo and behold! we come across some suggestive epithet, some delicately-turned phrase which we feel to be worthy of the author of 'Daisy Miller' and 'The Portrait of a Lady.' But perhaps to mention this difficulty is only to say that Mr. James occupies a unique place in contemporary literature. His books must be judged as a whole, and any criticism which selects special phrases and episodes will shoot very wide of the mark. 'The Tragic Muse' is concerned with the fortunes of several people, who all in their various ways are occupied in trying to define the right place of Art in their lives. We have a great actress uncertain how far she must also be a woman; a secretary of legation unable to reconcile diplomacy with a passion for acting and for this particular actress; a member of Parliament forsaking politics for portrait painting,

a fantastic friend aiding and abetting him, and a number of relations breaking their hearts over his defection. It is the doubts and delays of these half-hearted lovers of art that we are called upon to follow through three very long volumes, and only the consummate skill with which the characters are made to grow before our eyes could bring us to the end without more than a half-suppressed yawn. For, indeed, the story is very long drawn out, and perhaps Miriam Rooth, interesting as she is, would have been rather more interesting if her interviews with Peter, her wavering lover, had been somewhat curtailed. It is she who most engages our affection; but Nick Dormer, the M.P. turned painter, is a very clever piece of portraiture. In Gabriel Nash's extravagant æstheticism there is an element of caricature which detracts from its life-likeness, and Mrs. Dallow is rather shadowy and eludes our grasp as she eluded Nick's. For the comfort of those who fail to appreciate a story without an end, we may mention that in this book at least Mr. James so far condescends to the popular level as to give us a very clear hint of the way in which his *dramatis personæ* finally solve the problem set before them.

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**TOXAR : A ROMANCE.** (*Longmans, Green & Co.*) The author of 'Thoth' has made an attempt in his latest work to reproduce the life of a Greek colony; but his picture is a mere outline, and an outline faintly traced. The "man of means," the ideal slave who gives his name to the story, is a stage personage in whom we find it rather difficult to believe, and his constant repetition of certain phrases, such as "I speak only truth to my master," is as wearisome to us as it was to the master in question. The incident of the man with the "precious jewel in his head," who could by that third eye, as it were, reveal the secrets of all hearts, is intended to be striking; but it is so little worked up that it ends by being slightly absurd. Indeed, the whole story strikes us as too slight to be worthy of being given to the public in its present condition. And yet the voluptuary, Antinous, a sort of later Alcibiades, the idol of the people, the superb orator ready to dare everything, and yet forsaking all for philosophy, would have made a hero for a far stronger story. And if the author had cared to work out the details of his conception, he might have made a really fine picture of the fall of Antinous under the trials of prosperity. But as it is now, we fear that this romance will not interest many readers.

